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*William Oliver*  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As far as political matters are concerned, the week has been very quiet, both at home and abroad. Scarcely anything has happened to disturb the peaceful slumber in which Europe lies cradled for the moment; but, on the contrary, small events that have taken place seem to indicate that this peace will be of somewhat longer duration than is generally believed. Conspicuous among these minor events stands the visit of the King of Prussia to the Emperor of the French. The sovereigns of the two most warlike nations of Western Europe can scarcely have shaken hands for any other purpose than that of exchanging peaceful assurances. Without entering into deep political speculations, we may safely hold that monarchs, like ordinary mortals, visit each other only when they are, or intend to be, on friendly terms.

The most remarkable feature in the social life of our own country, during the past week, and, indeed, for some time previous, has been an unusual increase of great and serious crimes. The increase is so remarkable as to assume all the characteristics of an epidemic. Scarcely a day passes without reports of some two or three murders, or other sanguinary ill-

deeds, coming in from different parts of the country. Here it is a son who slays his own father; there a husband who kills his wife; here a mother who destroys her offspring; there, again, a band of burglars who, in the dead of the night, break into a house and take life as well as property; and so forth through all the categories of crime. Our newly created "Social Science," alas! is as yet in too imperfect a condition to give us any hint, however feeble, as to the direct, or indirect causes of this sudden increase in our criminal statistics. Perhaps some future period will reveal that even this distressing aspect of society bears within it the seeds of some ultimate good. Meanwhile it may serve both as a lesson and a judgment.

The poor old pontiff has been delivering another of his dreary orations against Italian independence. Nothing more distinctly marks the decline of the papacy than this continued speech-making of the bewildered occupant of the papal chair. Pío Nono evidently does not understand his time, as the time does not understand him. He fancies he can still fulminate his thunderbolts from the Vatican; blind to the fact that the fire burns nobody but himself, and the display is but looked at by the world as a theatrical exhibition. The spectacle would be a sad one, were it not ludicrous in the extreme.

The great civil war in North America, in its consequences the most important struggle of modern times, is still continuing in the preliminary form it first assumed. The armies of the Federals and Confederates are watching each other like crouching lions—neither of them inclined to assume the offensive, and neither willing to give way an inch of ground. It is the consequence, as yet, of mutual want of frankness. Both North and South are still struggling with closed vizors. The Southerners have not yet had the courage openly to acknowledge that they will have a separate non-democratical government, at any price; and the Northerners, in their turn, have been as shy to confess that the accursed sin of slavery must be attacked, whatever may be the consequence. So they are shamming on both sides; and, in the meanwhile, inflaming their mutual hatred. It is scarcely possible that the ultimate consequence of this preliminary skirmishing should be aught but final separation, in some form or other. The people of England have little concern in the struggle, beyond fervently hoping that, which way it may end, it will lead to the immediate abolition of the frightful sin and crime of human bondage—a crime as abhorrent to our feelings as it is repugnant to our principles as Christians.





## Home News.

Her Majesty and the Royal Family continue their stay at Balmoral, from whence they are expected to return in about a fortnight.

The Duchess of Wellington and Lady Susan Ramsey left Apsley House on Friday for Scotland. His grace, the Duke, is passing the season at his seat in Norfolk.

The Lord Chancellor has taken a mansion in Belgrave-square, late the residence of the Earl of Norbury.

Lord and Lady Harry Vane have left town on a tour in Spain.

On Sunday, this week, the Church of England and the Dissenters commenced their autumnal and winter campaign of religious services in London theatres and halls, for the benefit of the poorer classes.

The Earl of Clarendon, K. G., who is appointed to represent her Majesty as Ambassador Extraordinary at the Coronation of the King of Prussia, left on Tuesday, this week for Berlin.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester are visiting the duchess's relatives in Germany. The noble duke and duchess will attend the coronation of the King of Prussia at Königsberg.

It is stated, on official authority, that the consul-generalship at Milan, vacant by the death of Mr. Loftus Otway, will be either abolished or reduced to a lower rank—most probably the former, by which a saving of £800 per annum will be effected.

Lord Dacre met with an accident a few days since while out shooting in Inverness-shire. While handing his rifle to an attendant gillie by some accident the gun went off. His lordship was badly wounded, and although a fatal result is not anticipated, it is feared he will lose the use of some of his fingers.

It is expected that the Queen will shortly hold a Privy Council at Balmoral, in order to further prorogue the Parliament. At the close of the session, on the 6th August, Parliament was prorogued by commission until Tuesday, the 22nd October; and the Privy Council expected to be held at Balmoral will order a further prorogation from the 22nd inst.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet, was thrown from his carriage last week, and had one of his ribs broken, besides sustaining other injuries.

Two more of the wonderful brick-and-plaster boxes, now in course of erection, by speculative builders, tumbled down on Saturday in the Old Kent-road, London. From some "unascertained cause"—probably that of a dog rubbing his back against the wooden pillars—the "stays" gave way, and the entire mass of the buildings fell with a tremendous crash. The neighbourhood was much crowded at the time, but providentially no one was injured.

Our Ministers at present are enjoying their holidays. Lord Palmerston remains at his seat, Broadlands, Hants. The Duke of Argyll is in attendance on her Majesty at Balmoral. Earl Russell is at Abercrombie. The Duke of Newcastle has left town for Clumber Park. Sir George Grey remains in the north. Lord Cranville arrived a few days ago at Scarborough. Mr. Gladstone continues at Hawarden Castle. Mr. Milner Gibson is expected to arrive in London in a day or two from a yachting excursion.

Lord Loftus, our minister at Berlin, has just sustained the loss of his eldest daughter, aged thirteen years, who died on Monday last at Baden-Baden.

The Bishop of Storrord *Observer* states that a marriage has just taken place in that vicinity between a young gentleman twenty-two years of age and "a fair and blushing bride" of sixty-six summers.

A powerful agitation is being organised in Ireland for establishing a society called the "Royal Irish Volunteer Association," the object of which is to urge upon the Government the right of Irishmen to form volunteer corps, and arm for the defence of the country, as Englishmen had done.

On the morning of Tuesday last, the day when the duties on paper were to cease and determine, a large flag was hoisted from the paper-mill buildings, Brechin, bearing the motto, "The devil's awa' wi' the Excise-man."

On Saturday, particulars were received at Lloyd's of the loss of the well-known Liverpool and New York line of packet ship Henry Clay, Captain Caulkins, which took place in a terrific gale, on the night of the 29th of September, on Laggan Point, near Bowmoine Islay, West Coast of Scotland. She sailed from Liverpool on the 25th, with 41 passengers and a general cargo. The vessel went to pieces on the rocks, and the crew and passengers were with difficulty saved.

The race between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and Jackson, "the American Deer," which is to take place on Monday, the 14th inst., is exciting much interest among the class of persons who patronise such sports. The place selected for the match is the West London Cricket Ground, Brompton. On the following Monday Deerfoot will run with a man named Jones, who has obtained some celebrity in Islington and its neighbourhood, and who defeated the "Little Wonder" a fortnight ago.

A destructive fire took place in the Strand on Monday morning. It broke out in a building known as Sowerby's Museum, which was filled with stuffed birds and animals, and cabinets containing mineral and geological specimens. A large part of this valuable collection was destroyed, and several houses in the vicinity were considerably damaged.

Soon after eleven o'clock on Saturday forenoon, a serious accident happened at Bank Top Station on the East Lancashire branch of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, Burnley, to a young man named Joseph Knighton, stoker of a goods train, who had his left leg crushed above the ankle joint, leaving the foot hanging by a flap of flesh. Knighton is about twenty-seven years of age, and a single man.

A banquet to Earl Russell will be given in the New Town-hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday the 14th inst. The Earl of Durham will be chairman, and among the names of the Stewards published are those of Sir James Graham, M.P., the Right Hon. Wm. Hutt, M.P., Sir W. Atherton, M.P., nearly all the local Liberal members of Parliament, the Dean of Durham, and most of the Whig gentry, clergy, and manufacturers in the two north-eastern counties.

Sir Henry Bulwer, our Ambassador at Constantinople, has arrived in London.

Lord Brougham has consented, at the request of the committee of the Wilberforce School for the Blind, to visit York at the close of the present month, to deliver an address in the concert-room, in behalf of the funds of the above valuable institution.

A very beautiful fountain was on Monday erected on the site of the old single jet fountain facing the Middle Temple Gardens, and will be inaugurated on its opening by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the end of the present month.

A rumour has prevailed in Glasgow during the last few days that her Majesty will pay a visit to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, on her way to the south.

The present week of October has been so mild that apple trees and elder bushes are, in several places in the neighbourhood of Westminster, reported in full blossom.

A lamentable accident was occasioned in the Thames on Tuesday morning by the dense fog which shrouded the metropolis. A boat containing a coal-meter and eleven coal-whippers came in collision with two barges at Rotherhithe and was capsized. Six of the unfortunate men were drowned.

An interesting chess match was played on Monday night in the Grand Cigar Divan, Strand, between Mr. Paulsen, the great German player, against ten opponents, and not concluded till half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning. Mr. Paulsen was declared the victor.

The sergeants of the 78th Highlanders have just celebrated, at Aldershot, the fourth anniversary of the first relief of Lucknow by the troops under General Havelock in 1857. The healths of General Lord Clyde, Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, Lieutenant-General McNeill, and other distinguished officers, were drunk with great enthusiasm.

The somewhat protracted proceedings which have attended the election of the Lord Mayor for the ensuing year were brought to a termination on Tuesday, when the Sheriffs made their official return in the Guildhall, announcing that the choice of the livery had fallen upon the present Lord Mayor and Sir Peter Laurie. The Recorder then stated that the Court of Aldermen had elected the present Lord Mayor to the same office for the ensuing year. His lordship briefly returned thanks for the honour which had been conferred upon him.

On Monday afternoon, the port division of the Channel fleet, comprising the Edgar, 89, screw, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral John E. Erskine; the Hero, 89, screw, and the Trafalgar, 86, screw, came to an anchor at the back of the Isle of Wight, on account of the thick fog that existed.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales met this week the Princess Augusta of Glucksburg, at the Chateau of Rumsenheim. The Princess was born February 27, 1811, and is of a strictly Protestant family.

The *Magyar Szabo* states that the Earl of Derby has been at Pesth for some days with his family, and has lately paid a visit to Arad.

Lady Havelock is about to present a handsome set of colours to the 21st Surrey (Havelock Temperance) Rifles. The corps numbers upwards of 500 effectives, all of whom are teetotallers.

The mortal remains of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton were interred in the family vault in Kilwinning Churchyard on Friday, this week.

The antique marbles recently obtained by the expedition under the command of Lieutenants Smith and Porcher, at Cyrene, have been received at the British Museum. Some of them, which were in fragments, have within the last few days been put together, and may now be seen.

On Friday morning, about five o'clock, a very serious collision took place in the Irish Channel between the screw steamer *Sennaphore*, belonging to the Belfast Steam Ship Company, and the brig *Nereid*, of Whitehaven, and resulted in the loss of the latter vessel, and the serious injury of the steamer.

On Tuesday evening a mad bull escaped from the yard of the Nine Elms station of the South-Western Railway, at Lambeth. A scene of indescribable confusion and serious injury to life and limb ensued. Along the thoroughfares through which the infuriated animal passed, no less than thirty men, women, and children were severely wounded, while it is known that two are at present lying in a precarious condition, owing to the injuries they sustained. The bull, after a three hours' chase, was stabbed at last by a volunteer, and finished off by the poleaxe of a travelling butcher.

It was currently reported on Sunday that Bradshaw Hall, Cheshire, a relic of "the olden time," dating some 300 or 400 years back, had been destroyed by fire during the previous night, and many thousand people from Stockport, Macclesfield, and other neighbouring towns, went to visit the scene of the conflagration. It turns out, however, that it was not the Hall, but some outhouses and stacks that had been on fire. The damage was serious, about £2,000 worth of property having been destroyed. The fire originated in a defective flue in one of the outhouses.

## A FAMILY OF ASSASSINS.

A fearful murder was committed on Wednesday last at Stirling, Scotland. It appears that a house of questionable fame is kept in the Castlehill, Stirling, by an old pensioner. His pension became due on Tuesday, and he and his friends of both sexes betook themselves to the consumption of an unlimited quantity of liquor. There had evidently been a series of quarrels in the house, the precise origin of which, however, is not known in the meantime. Several of the persons, on retiring to bed, seem to have been absolutely oblivious from drink. On awakening in the morning, the pensioner states that he found his wife lying in bed beside him, cold as lifeless, having a ghastly throat wound, effected with some instrument, indicating that she had been murdered. Informing the police, they reached the police, the persons found in the house were apprehended, and a warrant of committal having been signed by Sheriff Sconce, they were taken to prison. One of the women (Christina McLean, or Peters) in the meantime, suspected of having murdered her own sister (the wife of the pensioner). The maiden name of the murdered woman is Jean Peters, and the suspected murderess is the widow of the wretched criminal, McLean, who was executed at Linlithgow three or four years ago for the brutal murder of a man at Durhamtown, near Bathgate.

THE MEASUREMENT OF PITY.—A group was standing together on one of the wharfs of New York, when a carman's horse backed into the river. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned; and everyone began pitying the poor carman's ill luck. A French merchant, of the name of Jumel, instantly took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, and holding it up cried out, "how much you pity the poor man? I pity him ten dollars. How much you pity him?" By this piece of wit he soon collected seventy dollars, which were put into the carman's hat.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The King of Prussia arrived on a visit to the Emperor of the French at Compiègne on Sunday evening at six o'clock precisely, and was received by the Emperor at the terminus. Both Sovereigns wore plain clothes. Their Majesties proceeded from the terminus to the palace in an open carriage without any escort, the people shouting by the way, "Long live the King! Long live the Emperor!" The Empress, with the Prince Imperial and her Ladies of Honour, awaited the Emperor and the King of Prussia in the vestibule at the foot of the grand staircase. On their arrival the Empress advanced to the threshold. The King graciously kissed her hand, caressed the Prince Imperial, and afterwards offered the Empress his arm. Their Majesties then ascended to the imperial apartments. In the evening there was a small select dinner party, consisting, in addition to their Majesties, of the Court dignitaries on service, the King's suite, Marshal Vaillant, Count Walewski, and M. Thóvenel. On Monday there was a grand stag hunt in the forest of Compiègne with afterwards a dinner of 50 covers, and at night a theatrical representation by the performers of the Theatre Français. The next morning, after the Sovereigns had breakfasted together, at 8 o'clock, His Majesty of Prussia took his leave and returned to his own States. As yet nothing is known of the political result of this solemn interview of royalty, which, as might be expected, is largely commented on by the French and German press.

More important than the visit of the King of Prussia, is the frequency of bread riots in many parts of France; bread has risen to twopence-halfpenny a pound, and in consequence the poorer classes, who live almost entirely upon bread, are on the verge of starvation. It is reported in Paris that certain seditious cries, such as—"A bas l'Administration!" (Down with the Government!) were heard for several nights in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and it is further asserted that about 100 persons were arrested. Some of the Paris papers announce numerous arrivals of grain at Marseilles from Liverpool, and express hope, founded on that circumstance, that the present crisis may very speedily terminate. But, without being disposed to alarmist views, we cannot think that much reliance can be placed upon large arrivals of grain from England. England is likely to have to draw somewhat largely herself upon foreign sources for grain this year. In Italy some scarcity is also felt; and although the recent food riots in Bologna and other towns were but temporary ebullitions, yet a considerable pressure is still experienced.

## ITALY.

The *Official Journal* of Rome publishes a magniloquent speech delivered by the Pope to his cardinals. In this allocution the pope deplores the great evils brought upon the Church by the Sardinian Government. He recalls the violent expulsion of the Archbishop of Naples, the exile and imprisonment of other bishops and priests, and the suppression of convents as well as the spoliation of the religious order, whereby the members of the same had been reduced to misery. His Holiness further complains of "the profanation of the churches, of the schools having been deprived of religion, and of the license of the press." He also deplores the state of things in Naples, "where cities and villages have been burned, and honest ecclesiastics and many citizens have been arrested and massacred, notwithstanding the declaration of the Sardinian Government that the Church is free." The poor Pope appears to be now entirely reduced to speech making—a pretty harmless occupation.

## BELGIUM.

The Belgian journals state that forged English bank-notes, executed with great skill, have been put into circulation in that country. A few days back a man, representing himself to be a horse-dealer, went into the shop of a money-changer at Antwerp, and asked for gold for 6,000*fr.* worth of notes. He bargained for some time about the sum to be given for the exchange, and after the money was handed to him remained a little time in conversation. It was only after he had gone that the notes were discovered to be forgeries. Some of the letters on them are thicker than on good notes, and the paper is stiffer.

## AUSTRIA.

A letter from Vienna of the 1st says:—"In the Ministry of War the greatest activity prevails, and, in fact, clerks are employed night and day in making the necessary arrangements for transforming the 80 regiments of infantry of the line into four battalions each, instead of three, without increasing the force of the regiment. At present each of the three battalions consists of six companies, making 1,440 in all. By the new organisation, each of the four battalions will consist of four companies, or 1,280 in all. The change will cause an augmentation of expense for the officers, but it will be compensated for by savings in the cost of the rank and file."

The Emperor of Austria seems occasionally to have a busy day of it. The Vienna journals mention that lately his Majesty gave audience to not fewer than 77 persons in succession, and state that among them were M. Peumann, ex-Director of the Police of Cracow; Count Karnicki, and Count Ingelheim, Austrian Ministers at Hanover and Darmstadt.

## GERMANY.

All the German papers are full of details of the forthcoming coronation of the King of Prussia. Curious shows, it appears, will be displayed on this occasion. A Berlin paper says:—"The corporation of hatters, who will figure in the procession on the solemn entry of the King of Prussia into Berlin, will be preceded, not by a standard-bearer, but by a hat-bearer. The hat displayed will be of immense size, and beneath it will be as many little hats as there are States in Germany, each being of the colours of the different States."

The *Prussian Gazette* states that in the garden of the French embassy at Berlin a large dining hall is now being built, capable of accommodating 500 persons. The room will communicate with the new dining-room on the first-floor by means of a wide staircase. In addition to the present kitchen another is now in course of erection large enough to prepare a dinner for 500 persons. The object of these preparations, the above-named journal states, is a grand *fete* to be given, after the coronation, to the King and Queen by the Duke of Magenta, in the name of the Emperor of the French.

Advices from Munich state that the King of Bavaria, who after his recent visit to Hohenschwangau had improved in health,



efficacious of its weapons. The favourite sea-fortress has been wrested from their grasp and no other equally serviceable can be found on the Atlantic seaboard. Mr. Russell, writing to the *Times*, attaches great importance to this capture by which he says "the whole of North Carolina will be thrown into agitation and alarm. The waters of Pamlico and Albemarle, and the river systems connected with it, are placed at the mercy of the Federalists. Cape Hatteras is relighted—a secure haven for the Confederate States' privateers destroyed. The Confederates will have to look out now for their seaboard."

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POET' CORNER.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON,  
*Author of "Literary Leaves, in Prose and Verse," &c. &c.*

Warbler of the morning's mirth !  
When the gray mists rise from earth,  
And the round dew on each spray  
Glitter in the golden ray,  
And thy wild notes, sweet though high,  
Fill the wide cerulean sky—  
Is there human heart or brain  
Can resist thy merry strain ?

But not always soaring high,  
Making man upturn his eye  
Just to learn what shape of love,  
Raineth music from above;—  
All the sunny cloudlets fair  
Floating on the azure air,  
All the glories of the sky  
Thou leavest unreluctantly,  
Silently with happy breast  
To drop into thy lowly nest.

Though the frame of man must be  
Bound to earth, the soul is free ;  
But that freedom oft doth bring  
Discontent and sorrowing.  
Oh ! from each waking vision,  
Gorge, vista, gleam Elysian,  
From an old man's dizzy height,  
And from life's illusive light,  
Man, like thee, glad lark, could brook  
Upon a low green spot to look,  
And with home-affections blest  
Sink into as calm a nest !

AN APHORISM FROM GREAT SCOTLAND YARD.—There is a policeman in every man's conscience—even though you may not always find him on his "beat."

LATEST FROM IRELAND.—An Irish paper announces that, Ladies "without distinction of sex," are invited to attend a meeting about to take place in Dublin.

PAT ONCE AGAIN!—An Irish student was asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

SPARKLING POETRY v. DULL PROSE!—A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus:—"Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied:—" 'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you!"

TRUE AFFECTION.—"The blackbird whistles for his dinner jist like meself," said Patrick Gwynne to Thaddy O'Beirne. "How's that, Paddy, my darlint?" "Why, you spalpeen, don't you see that when he whistles, he's calling for his mate."

IMPROVING NATURE.—A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little girl, "we let out the tucks."

**A LONG PEDIGREE.**—Not long since, a certain noble peer, in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect—"Do you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?"—"And mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they came." The noble lord was silent.

DEATH FROM BAD GRAMMAR.—An English traveller lately met a companion sitting in a state of most woeful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. With great anxiety he inquired the cause of his suffering. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide book. To my astonishment I found there that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man!—I feel it running all over me! I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to ——" Let me see the guide-book," said his friend. Turning to the passage he found "*L'eau du lac est bien poisseuse*,"—"the water of the lake abounds in fish," "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." "I never was better," said the dying man, leaping up with a countenance radiant as the sun on a fine May morning. Then, extending his arm in the true rainbow style—"There's a muscle!" he cut a series of capers over the grass that would have done honour to a Vestris. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

We proceed in our inspection of the country of greyhounds into that of bloodhounds. The first prize in this class is awarded to "Druid," a noble creature with a pedigree as long as that of the Despençers. "Druid," the catalogue informs us, counts the following distinguished sires:—Lord Raglan, Baron Rothschild, the Duke of Leeds, Sir George Wombwell, Lord Faversham, the Earl of Carlisle, and the Duke of Marlborough. Yorkshire may well be proud of "Druid." His noble partner is "Welcome," who carried off the second prize, and may be had for the small sum of £500 or, with her six pups, for thirty-six guineas more. Cheap again. Next we come to pointers, six specimens of which may be purchased for a trifle above a hundred guineas; and setters, who are to be got for two hundred. Harriers, none of the hundred valued less than a hundred pounds, follow in the list; such as beagles, deer hounds, setters, retrievers, and other handsome, but (to judge by the tickets) far less valuable creatures. We are particularly struck by the beauty of a fine but nameless hound, belonging to Mr. Laxelby, of Leeds, whose noble proportions our artist transfers to his paper. Here ends our promenade through the ranks of sporting dogs; and crossing over the central transept over the stables on the left, we enter the second division of the show, marked as "dogs not used for field sports." First, in this division, come mastiffs, tall, noble fellows, but of suspiciously savage aspect, and their neighbours, the bulls, who we prefer keeping at a safe distance. Next, we have the terriers, located in cottages not inclined. In striking contrast to them stand the little pug-terriers, located in cottages not so noisy, and the delight of the many at lovely creatures," we hear from many a rosy mouth, which we rather in deference to the universally enthusiastic that our artist, with a pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer, begins sketching a Lilliputian Terrier, of the name of "Kitty," scarcely larger than a good bill-sized tea cup, yet who, as a big gold snuff box. Probably henceforth inside the box, in her waistcoat pocket.

We now, making our way through bulls and terriers, and giving a side-glance at a curious hybrid deer-horse (not belonging to the exhibition), arrive at the last class of the show, marked as "foreign bred dogs." There are decidedly the finest animals within the wals.

The crown of the lot is "Baltic," a most noble creature, with a truly leonine head, as black as a Nubian king, and as strong as, to all appearance, as a Hercules. Our engraving but faintly reproduces the image of this splendid fellow, who, though marked at a thousand guineas, seems not too dear at the price—of people who have plenty of cash to spare. "Baltic's" neighbour on the left is a remorseless monster, "direct from Switzerland," the property of the French Emperor, and stretches his dusky limbs at the opposite side "Napoleon poleon," emitting an ominous howl. "Napoleon's" mate, "Princess," described low price of two hundred guineas. It is with a slight shudder that we look at "Napoleon's" mate, "Princess," described as of the American Nigger hound breed." We hope Mr. Anderson, whilom of Canada, and late of Exeter Hall, will not come too near breaking her slender chain, lest she should fall in a violent effort to resume the possession of her family. However "Princess" herself seems uneasy, for every movement of her is watched by a big Hungarian boar-hunter, who has evidently evil intentions. The Hungarian clearly has no sympathy with

But it is time to retreat. The chorus of our four exhibition-concert appears swallowing in its wide oratorio gradually approach judgment, the universal deluge, and the torments of hydrophobia. Away! Away! After us sounds the welcoming Bow-wow-vow-vow.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT HATTERAS BY THE  
FEDERAL FLEET.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 4.)

The first great success of the Federal Fleet under Commodore Stringham, has been the bombardment and subsequent capture of Fort Hatteras, North Carolina, with a sketch of readers on this page. The event took place on the 29th of August last. Fort Hatteras having become the main refuge of the Southern privateers, an attack on it was ordered by the Federal government, and executed by Commodore Stringham, having under his command the frigates Minnesota, Pawnee, Monticello, Adelaide and George Peabody. The latter contained a body of 500 of the 20th New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Weber; Captain Jarvis's company, and 100 of the 9th Regiment of New York Volunteers; and 100 of the Union Coast Guard, commanded by Captain Nixon; and 60 of the Second United States Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Larned; the whole forming a force to unite with the fleet. Having arrived at their destination at the mouth of Hatteras Inlet on the 28th of August, on the 29th the transports ran on to the beach, protected by the three gun-boats, and landed about 300 of the men through a heavy surf. These consisted of the regular artillery, two companies of the 20th, the company of marines and sailors of the 9th New York, and detachments of

The bombardment did not last long, as the garrison, consisting of between 600 and 700 officers and men, capitulated on the day after it began. Three vessels, twenty-five cannons, and a thousand set of arms were also captured. The loss of the Confederates is killed is unknown, as they are said to have carried away a number of bodies. Two were found inside the forts. Eleven of their wounded were brought away with the other prisoners. On the Northern side there appears not to have been a single man killed or wounded. In the capture of Fort Hatteras a heavy blow has been struck at the privateering upon which the South relied as one of the most

d a relapse, and been obliged to proceed to the en-  
 jesty is said to be suffering from a highly ex-  
 GREECE.  
 re examination of the young student who attempted to  
 ssinate the Queen of Greece, has taken place. According  
 according to that very conservative paper, the *Journal of*  
*sbury*, is not a little curious. When asked whether he  
 aware of the enormity of the execrable crime he had com-  
 mitted, he answered indignantly, "In the first place, I  
 t that you withdraw the expression 'execrable.' It is not  
 anything but a crime. What you deem a crime is, in my  
 nation, a virtue. Is it a crime to free one's country from  
 anny, and to make known the wishes of public opinion?  
 I to the question—"What has the public to complain of?"  
 replied:—"Of the absence of a National Guard, of the suc-  
 cession question, still undecided, and of the wretched adminis-  
 tration of the country." Then he added: "The character of  
 ce must be changed; the King does nothing to relieve the  
 erance of the Greek provinces subject to his rule. It is  
 obstacle to the realisation of the grand idea which animates  
 of Greece. The consequences will be those of later a-  
 tion and much bloodshed. It was not that these that  
 s anxious to destroy the dynasty and the monarchy."  
 regret that I did not succeed. If I had, I should have  
 how should I ever have been able to make such an attempt?" We may state, in explanation of the  
 King is a mere cipher, and that the Queen  
 and is believed to be the evil genius of the nation.

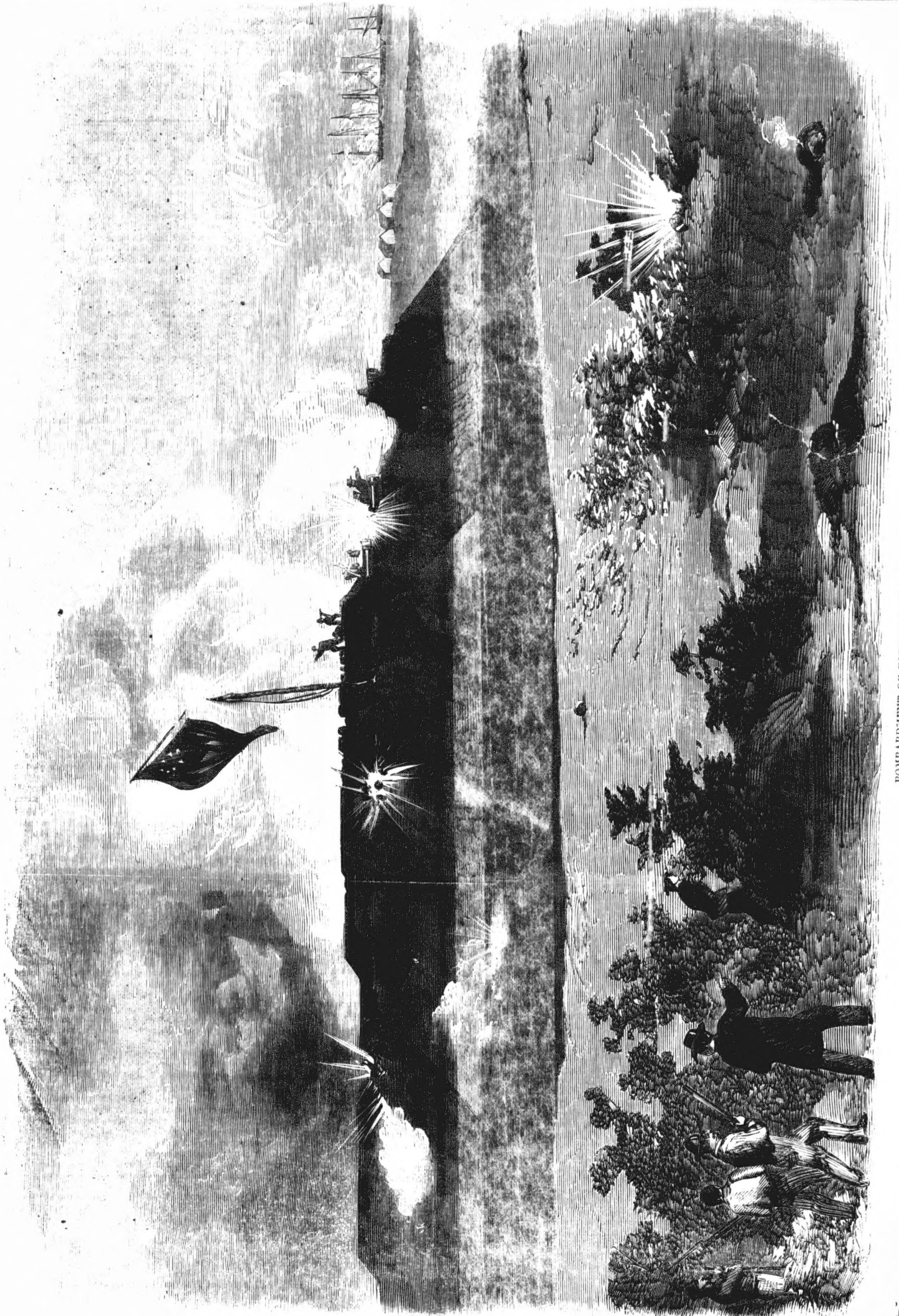
The far-off island of Madagascar, too, has been revolutionized. A French paper, the *Patrie*, publishes some rumors of the death of the Queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona. She had been suffering from a cancerous disease for more than a year, and had submitted to a severe operation; but the disease reappeared three months afterwards, and her Epporooa said that she would die. The Royal Family that recovery was hopeless, and she died on the 18th of August. She had entered her 60th year. Her eldest son, the chief Minister, who was a devoted pupil of the late Emperor of France, the late Emperor's nephew, Raimbosulim, attempted to seize the throne, but failed. He fled into exile, in order to gain time to proclaim his son, the Prince Royal, as the new monarch. This was to have been done on the 19th of September, but on the 19th; but a European, an Italian, who had been the Queen's son, the Prince Royal, informed the French Consul of his plans. He assembled his adherents secretly during the night, and at day-break of the 19th, as the Minister and Prince Raimbosulim left the palace to go to the temple, where the proclamation was to be made, their escort was attacked, and the Minister and the Prince himself were killed in the confusion of the fight that ensued. This event changed the whole state of affairs. The Queen's son was immediately proclaimed King by the title of Rakout-Radama I. His first measure was to proclaim an amnesty and to cancel the edicts of the late Queen forbidding foreigners to enter the country. This entire change of policy is attributed to French influence.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE !.)

This is the age of exhibitions. We have exhibitions of nearly all possible and impossible things under the sun—exhibitions of pigs, of paintings, of performing fleas, of parents, of singers, of steam-engines, and of babies. We have national and international gatherings, local, vocal, and musical ones. The list seems all but complete; yet as there is nothing too fertile for the imagination of exhibiting mankind, fresh exhibitions continue to drop in every day. The last has been performed with maturity in a happily accomplished "Great Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs," held during the first four days of October at the "Holborn Horse Repository," London.

It was on the morning of the third of October, 1871, that I visited this wonderful show, in company with our artist for the benefit of the readers of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS." We enter a narrow yard at the North side of Holborn, and crossing an improvised wooden bridge, leading over a canal, we on a sudden find ourselves in company with some three hundred individuals of the canine race. Such a commotion of tail with which our ears were greeted at this moment, I never heard before in our life. The three hundred seemed to be all at once all, in rehearsing some grand oratorio; some of them belonging to "the music of the future"—very like the "Star of the Canicular Star," or, perhaps, "The Deities of the Chorus" was chiefly made up of soprano voices, resembling pretty spaniels, pugs, and terriers, while the basses were intoned by beagles, harriers, pointers, and retrievers. With the very able assistance *andante maestoso* of matched and well-foundlanders. The effect was grand, nay, it was sublime. The band of the Philharmonic would have been easily routed before this storm of sounds, which, alternating and rising like the waves of the sea, seemed to sweep everything before it in unutterable majesty. The first part of the music on ourselves was such as to throw us head back over the wooden bridge into the chasm aforementioned. However, with the assistance of our artist friend, we fortunately recovered our equilibrium, so as to be enabled to proceed into the realm of the three hundred. It was a large and very high building, lighted from above, somewhat of a cross between a chapel and a stable. In large cases, all around the walls were ranged the fancy dogs, while the serious members of the family made their deep voices heard from cylinders to the right and left; the sportsman on the one side, the watchman on the other. Proceeding along the wall to the right, we first inspect the division classed as "sporting dogs." Some splendid greyhounds first attract our eyes. Foremost amongst them stands "Musselman," a four years' old, who received a prize of ten guineas, and is valued at £100; "Sir John," who carried off a prize of three guineas, and is valued a £135; and "Prizeflower," who received a five guinea prize, and is valued at no less than £500. These prices, attached by the owners strike us at first as very high; but we soon discover that higher still loom in the background. A queer-looking little brute of a spaniel, by no means handsome, and of no appreciable good qualities about him, is set down as worth a round thousand pounds; and two Scotch terriers, distinguished if by anything, by their decidedly plain physiognomy, are valued by their owners as of the value of two thousand pounds each. We are startled at these prices. "Good heavens!" we are tempted to exclaim with Carlyle, "if a dog is worth so much, what must be the value of a white European gentleman, of his two legs, with his two five-fingered hands of iron!"





BOUNDED BY THE FORT HATTERAS



# MURDER AND BURGLARY AT BILSTON.

We give on this page an engraving of the scene of a frightful murder, accompanied by burglary, of which the town of Bilston, near Wolverhampton—"black Bilston," as it is commonly called—has just been the theatre. The tragedy took place on Sunday week, at the home of a tailor, named John Baggott, at the corner of Stafford-street and Church-street. At about four in the morning the family of Mr. Beard, a neighbour of Mr. Baggott's, of that street, were disturbed by hearing voices in the side passage of their house; and Miss Beard, thinking it was her brother returning home, went down with a light. In the passage she stumbled upon some bundles of cloth and newly-made men's clothes. She saw three men, carrying a bundle or two, running away from the house. Her brother, at the same time, came down the street. Information was at once conveyed to the police station, and the constables soon discovered that Mr. Baggott's house, situate opposite to that of Mr. Beard, had been entered. The officers found a little gas burning in the small sitting-room on the ground floor, numerous bottles and drinking glasses on the table, and the body of a man lying with his head on the fender in front of the fire, with a poker lying across his throat. His face was discoloured with soot, and the features were not at first recognised. On turning the body to the light it was found to be that of the proprietor of the house. He had been dragged to the ground, and forcibly held down, in the position in which he was found, till life was extinct. It had, probably, been found by the burglars that it was only by holding Mr. Baggott down in this way that they could secure all the booty they desired, and at the same time avoid the risk of identification. Mr. Baggott was a bachelor, 45 years of age. Though possessed of considerable property, he lived alone, and his habits were somewhat eccentric. All his rooms upstairs he locked, keeping the keys about his person. In his pockets he was also accustomed to carry the day's receipts of his shop. He, however, kept banking accounts both in Dudley and in

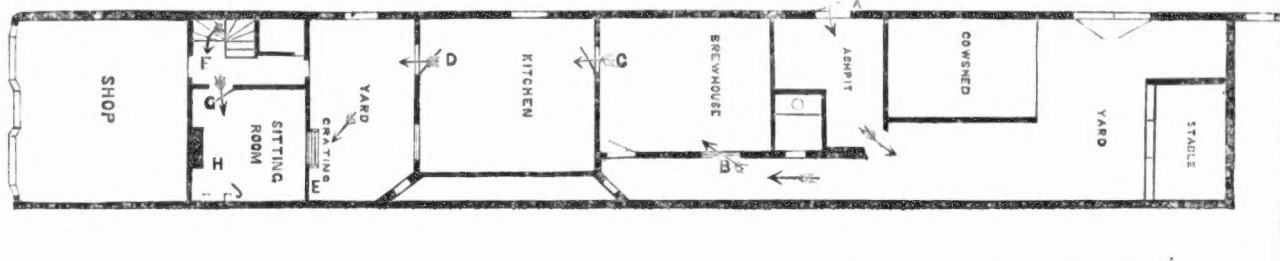


PREMISES OF THE MURDERED MAN.

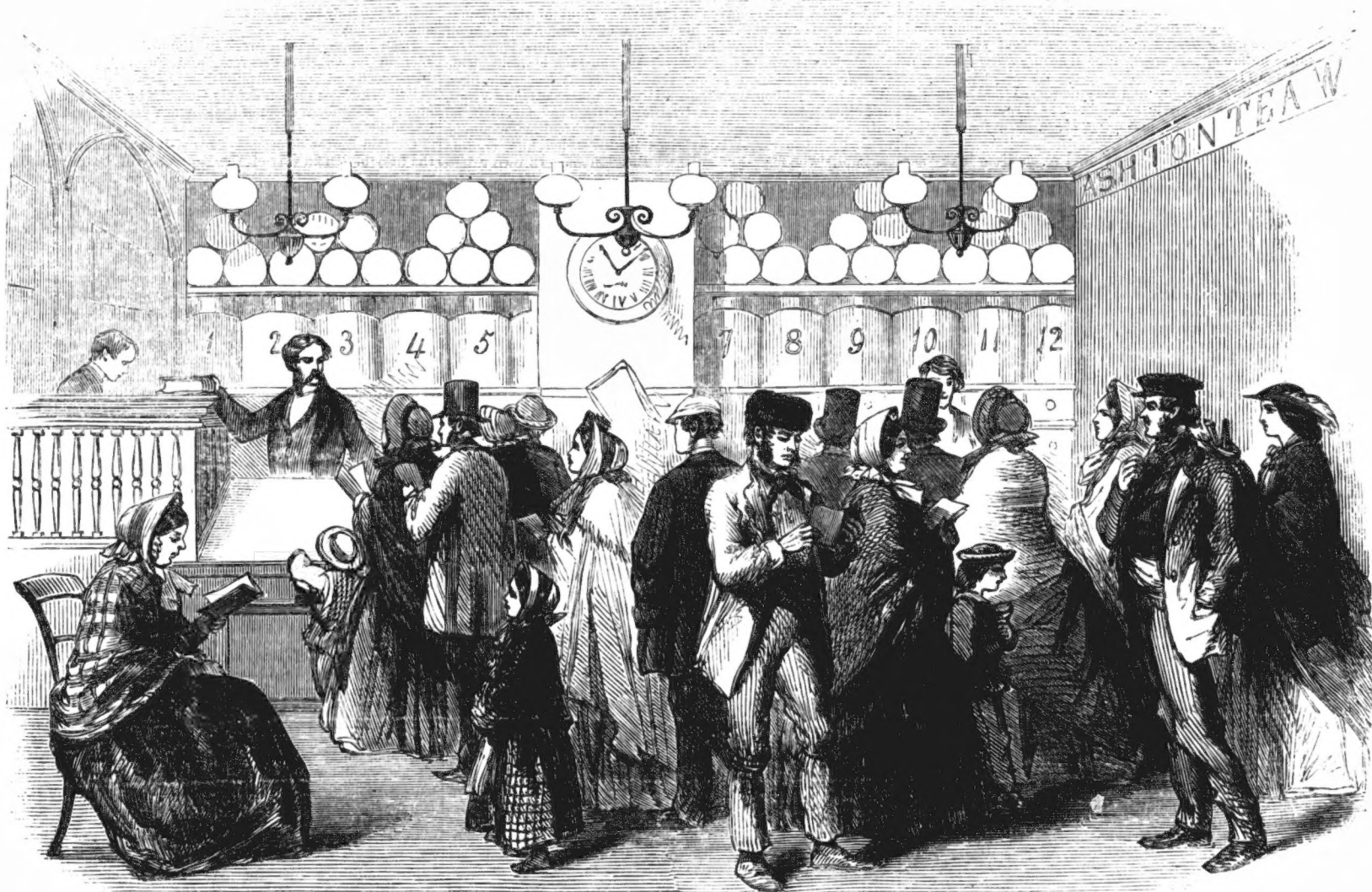
Bilston; but he did not invest all his cash. He has been known to produce as large a sum as £200 from his upstairs rooms. This sum, there was reason to believe, had been secreted in out-of-the-way places, such as the sacking of his bed or a hole beneath a stone of the floor. Of all this the murderers seem to have been aware, for the pockets of his trousers had been torn open with much violence, evidently while he was alive, and while one of his assailants was engaged in a deadly struggle with him. The keys his pockets had contained were all laid upon the table. The money was taken away. The burglars have left behind evidence that they were conversant with Mr. Baggott's habits. The doors of the upstairs rooms they appear to have forced open—one with a blow from a heavy coal hammer, which they obtained on entering the house through the cellar, the other with instruments brought with them adapted for such a purpose. In a similar manner access was had to the drawers and cashbox. The men above spoken of were disturbed in Stafford-street. Three men carrying a bundle were stopped near to Bradley, which adjoins Bilston. When challenged by the policeman they threw down the bundle and decamped. The officer pursued a short way, but wisely returned to the spot where the property fell. While watching here, a man named William Jones, aged 20, of Canal-street, Tipton, returned and fell into the officer's hands. Knowing Jones's haunt, the officers proceeded to a brothel in Berry Yard kept by Samuel Bills, aged 25. Here they found that Thomas Jukes, aged 28, who is well known to the police, had just come in, with blood upon the front of his shirt, and greatly agitated. Bills was also apprehended, and so was Thomas Lilley, aged 24, a chapman of Birmingham, who was also in the house. The last two may be useful as witnesses. The police have also arrested another man, named David Brandrick, a puddler, aged about 21, who is believed to be one of the chief perpetrators of the crime. All the above are now undergoing examinations before the Bilston magistrates, and a jury at Stafford will have beforelong to give their verdict.

## GROUND PLAN OF MR. BAGGOTT'S PREMISES, SHEWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE BURGLARS.

(From Drawings by R. TAYLOR, Esq., C.E., Bilston.)



A, Ash-pit door where the burglars entered; B, window wrenched open; C, Kitchen-door burst open; D, Yard-door forced open; E, cellar iron grating torn up; F, cellar-door broken open; G, door to sitting-room; H, the spot where the body was found; I, chairs upon which it is supposed the victim fell asleep, previous to the entrance of the burglars.





## Literature.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call Books."  
—T. CARLILE.

**Great Expectations.** By CHARLES DICKENS. In three volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

This last production from the pen of Dickens has been already so much before the public that it requires no elaborate notice from us. But as the publishing world at present is rather dull, and we are not pressed for time or space by works of importance or of much greater novelty, we shall offer a few words upon the subject. The result of a perusal of it contradicts the title. The reader has *great disappointments*. The book is hardly worthy of the truly gifted writer. Much of it seems to have been written against the grain—a compulsory labour at ungenial hours in answer to the printer's call for "more copy." The form of serial must be a great trial of an author's temper and genius. Southey, it is said, could always compose at fixed hours, or by a stop watch; but, then, much of what he wrote was the proper work rather of a bookseller's hack than of an inspired poet. His clear, easy style was natural to him, and often gave a charm to matter that was otherwise unreadable. Mr. Dickens is a more impulsive and unequal writer, and the consequence is that some of his serial works have an appearance of patchwork—as if produced by several different hands, aiming at the same general excellence, but with very different results.

Mr. Dickens ought to have more regard to his fame than to overtask himself in this way. He should take his own time, writing only when the spirit moves him, and not subject his fine genius to the beck and call of a printer's devil.

There is perhaps no author in the language—certainly no prose author—who turns simple words to such truly pictorial uses as Charles Dickens. He has a wonderful facility in catching the physiognomy of dead matter and giving it life and sentiment. He is also sometimes singularly happy in embodying those whimsical images and thoughts and feelings, which sometimes visit imaginative minds like flashes from a dream, and which usually mock all attempts to retain or express them. But an over-consciousness of these powers, and the encouragement which the public have given him to display them, lead him too often to attempt the task at seasons when his faculties have been unprepared for it. This has led him at times into forced and false humours, far fetched conceits, and outrageous caricature. As specimens of the way in which he sometimes oversteps the modesty of nature and goes beyond the sympathy or comprehension of his reader, we give the following passages from the first of the three volumes of the work now before us.

"Morning made a considerable difference in my general prospect of life, and brightened it so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind, was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the meanwhile, and that, when I got there, it would be either deteriorated or clean gone." Page 313.

"In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavour about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which." Page 112.

"It was a rainy morning and very damp. I had seen the damp lying outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket handkerchief." Page 31.

"At this point Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and to put it into the form of the word 'sulks.' Therefore, I naturally pointed to Mrs. Joe, and put my mouth into the form of saying 'her.' But Joe wouldn't hear of that at all, and again opened his mouth very wide and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word." Page 25.

To quote such passages is severely to condemn them. No other writer would have the courage to print such extravagancies. But Dickens is a spoiled child of the public, and may write what he likes; and certainly in his better moods he makes glorious amends for such occasional outrages upon sense and nature. We shall not take our leave of Mr. Dickens on this occasion without repeating what we have once said elsewhere, that we should never forget that, upon the whole, he has used his great powers nobly—that he is always on the side of liberty and justice and humanity and virtue. He is one of those truly inspired writers who give a new zest to life by making familiar things fresh, and by warming us into a generous charity of feeling even towards the most erring of our fellow creatures, without lessening our hatred of vice or confounding the most attractive forms of it with a true nobility of nature. He equals Burns himself in making religious bigotry at once ludicrous and detestable, and we cannot but rejoice at the boldness and success with which he assaults every species of cant. No pulpit lecturer, however eloquent, no moral essayist, however pointed and sententious, can pretend to anything like the influence of the gifted and popular prose fiction writer. His power is immeasurably more extensive and more permanent. It would be difficult, therefore, to exaggerate the awful responsibility of his vocation. We envy not the feelings of those, who, when the hour of self-reflection comes, are obliged to confess that they have devoted brilliant intellectual gifts to the basest purposes—to the vanishing of vice, or the ridicule of things intrinsically noble or divine. When the richly endowed writer now under notice, is called upon for an account of his stewardship, he will have no reason to tremble or to blush. He will then be happier to think of the good that he has accomplished for others, than of the reputation he has made for himself, and will exult in the thought that he has written—  
No line which lying he could wish to blot.

**Essays from the Quarterly Review.** By JAMES HANNAY, author of "Singleton Fontenoy, R.N.," "Satire and Sati-irists," &c. In one volume. London: Hurst and Blackett. The "Quarterly Review" is a periodical of high repute and wide circulation; but it has always taken what, according to our notions, is the wrong side in politics, and when Toryism was in the ascendant, it was not simply unfair and ungenerous, but positively brutal in its attacks upon all the leading libe-

rary men of the time who were supposed to hold liberal opinions in politics or theology. But the "Quarterly Review" is not what it was, and Toryism is a thing of the past.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes  
Tenets with books, and principles with times

The force of public opinion has at last exterminated the race of Tories. They kept their ground very manfully while the world was yet comparatively dark, but lost courage as the light of intellectual day advanced. The Liberal Conservatives, their successors, whatever may be their faults, would be heartily ashamed to continue the same system of falsehood and injustice which was so characteristic of the "Quarterly Review" under the reign of Gifford, when no man of genius could expect fair play if he took the part of the many against the few, and would not acknowledge the divine right of kings to govern wrong.

A critic in the "Quarterly Review" in Gifford's time, had the audacity to declare that "the predominating character of Mr. Shelley's poetry was its frequent and total want of meaning. It is not too much to affirm," said the fierce and false Aristarchus, in speaking of the Prometheus, "that in the whole volume there is not one original image of nature, one simple expression of human feeling, or one new association of the appearances of the moral with those of the material world." Not satisfied with this attempt to destroy the poet, he aimed an insidious and deadly blow at the man. "If," he said, "we might withdraw the veil of private life and tell what we know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit." But the passionate and malignant often act like drunkards, and remember not what they say. In a later number of the same periodical the reviewer tells us "of Mr. Shelley himself we know nothing, and desire to know nothing."

The people of England, since the freedom of the press has been fairly established, and the schoolmaster has been abroad, are wiser and better than they were, and would not now tolerate the gross personal outrages, under the name and form of criticism, which once met with but too many admirers. The "Quarterly Review" has greatly moderated the tone of its politics, and can now do something like justice to the literary pretensions of a political opponent. Until very lately, it was far behind its great rival, the "Edinburgh Review" in its character as a literary periodical, and there have been no republications of its articles in a permanent form at all fitted to compete with the essays of Smith, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Macaulay. Mr. Hannay's single volume of his own contributions to the "Quarterly" is indeed a pleasant work, and exhibits a wide extent of elegant reading, and the results of assiduous and successful practice as a writer. It does him, individually, very great credit; but it will hardly tend to lessen the advantage which the "Edinburgh Review" enjoys in the possession of such noble representatives of its literary power as the four eminent names to which we have referred.

The volume before us contains nine articles contributed at intervals to the "Quarterly Review," from January, 1856, to July, 1859. They are, for the most part, rather essays than criticisms, the titles of the books being used, in some instances, as an excuse for an attempt on the part of the reviewer to surpass the author in his own line. In the article suggested by Hepworth Dixon's "Life of Admiral Blake" Mr. Hannay gives us his own account of that famous naval hero; so, also, in his notice of Burgon's "Life of Patrick Fraser Tytler," he not only tells us how biography should be written, but manfully tries the task himself. This is the critical fashion of our time. It is at least fair play. When Luke Milbourne attacked Dryden's translation of Virgil, and then placed his own translation by the side of it, he rather astonished people by a display of critical magnanimity at that time so rare. Pope sarcastically styled him, on this account, "the fairest of critics." But Milbourne's own translations were "intolerable." This epithet can never be justly applied to anything from the pen of Mr. Hannay. He is not only a fair critic, but an acute and able one. The first article in the book may be regarded as an elaborate essay on conversation, and, like most of Mr. Hannay's articles, it is profusely and amusingly anecdotal. We are glad to find Mr. Hannay, who is a good authority on the subject, for he has mixed most intimately with the leading literary men of his day, speaking kindly and respectfully of his own class, and though he thinks that the best talkers amongst literary men are those most fitted for a life of action, we do not suppose he would coincide in opinion with Mr. Thackeray, who, in his "History of Pendennis," tells us that "there are thousands of people in London who do not write books who are to the full as clever and intellectual as those that do." Are there thousands of men in this city as clever and intellectual as Mr. Thackeray himself? All the world now knows the nature and extent of his genius; but if he had never written or published his most intimate friends could only have guessed at his endowments. It is easy to say that many men in society who have never written a book have greater genius than Shakespeare or Milton, but it is not easy to prove it. A book is usually a very unequivocal test of a man's intellectual power. There are many men who shine in conversation who would be dull enough with the pen. The brilliant converser who charms the listener in the social circle might seem a very common personage, if his words were all taken down by a correct reporter and submitted to the cool impartial reader. If the advantages of time and place, and tone and gesture, and other circumstances and conditions were all withdrawn, the spell might be broken. To the ordinary hearer, the conversation of the lively man of the world or the shallow pretender to literature may in some cases appear very superior to that of the man of genius. But genius discovers genius. Kindred spirits understand each other. Generally speaking, the conversation of men of literary genius, when perfectly at their ease, is charming from its freshness and fervour, and its clearness and precision. The practice of composition accustoms a man to arrange his ideas, and to clothe in expressive words those high or subtle or evanescent thoughts and shadowy images and inward feelings to which men in general despair of giving utterance. The talk of men of genius is not mere parrot-talk. It comes at once from the heart or mind. The minds of ordinary men are often passive while their lips are active. They utter too frequently only what they have got by heart—the commonplaces of society.

Mr. Hannay is a good talker himself, and his book proves that he is entitled to still higher praise. The "Quarterly Review" is fortunate in having such an elegant and thoughtful writer on its staff. We recommend his collected papers to all

who have a taste for refined and judicious criticism, light reading, and literary anecdote.

**Mabel's Cross.** By E. M. P. In two volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1861.

Who is E. M. P.? A question to be asked, but which we are not able to answer. It is evidently from a female pen, and most probably is the writer's first production. Amidst much commonplace of style and sentiment, there are passages in the work of great merit, and still greater promise, indicating powers not yet fully developed. The chief defects are the mismanagement of the plot, and a deficiency of force and distinctness in the painting of the characters. These faults are not compensated for by anything very striking in the incidents or descriptions. And yet, after all, the book is interesting; and we are told that one edition is already exhausted—so that it seems to have hit the public taste; and this is rather a remarkable fact for those prose fiction writers who aim most at immediate popularity deal in the wildest fictions, and seem more determined to surprise or terrify us with horrible events and the actions of human fiends, than to improve and charm us with pictures that put us in good humour with our fellow creatures, and accustom us to believe in the existence of happiness and virtue. One praise, and that a high one, is certainly due to the writer before us. She has produced a book of entertainment to which the most rigid religionist could not easily find an objection on moral grounds, and which no mother need snatch from a daughter's hand. It might be safely read aloud in the purest family circle.

## LITERARY NEWS.

"The Romance of a Dull Life" is announced by Messrs. Longman and Co.

Mr. W. H. Kingston has a novel in three volumes in preparation, "The Fire Ships: a Tale of the Sea."

A Biography of Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of Italy, is in preparation by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

"Essays on History and Art," by Mr. R. H. Paterson, is announced by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

"The Experiences of an English Sister of Charity" is promised by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"Recollections of Labrador Life" is promised by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

(Edipus on the Sphinx of the Nineteenth Century will be published shortly by Mr. Manwaring.

A Volume on "The Present Position of the Liberal Party" is announced by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Messrs. S. Low, Son, and Co. are preparing for Christmas "The Book of Psalms," in small quarto, printed on thick toned paper, with illustrations.

Mr. John Hollingshead has a story-book entitled "Rough Diamonds" in the press, which will be published by Messrs. Low.

Professor Cosmo Innes has another volume on Scottish History on hand, entitled "Sketches of Early Scottish Social Life."

Charges and Sermons, on special occasions, from 1811 to 1861, by the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., is announced by Messrs. Ward and Co.

A New Volume of West Highland Tales, by Mr. J. F. Campbell, is a highly agreeable announcement of Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas.

Dean Ramsay has a work in the press on "The Christian Life, in its Origin, Progress, and Future," which Messrs. Blackwood and Sons will publish.

"Short Notes on St. John's Gospel," by Rev. Henry Downing, intended for readers of the English version, will shortly be issued by Messrs. J. H. and J. Parker.

Captain Burton's account of his visit to the Mormons, under the title of "The City of the Saints," will be published immediately, with numerous illustrations, by Messrs. Longman and Co.

The Rev. K. M. Banerjee, Second Professor of Bishop's College, Calcutta, has produced a volume of "Dialogues on the Hindu Philosophy," which Messrs. Williams and Norgate have in preparation for publication.

"The Proverbs of Scotland, collected and arranged with notes explanatory and illustrative, and a copious glossary," by Mr. Alexander Hislop, bookseller, Glasgow, will be published in November by Messrs. Griffin, Bohn, and Co.

Mr. Philip J. Bailey, author of "Festus," leaves poetry for politics, being announced by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., as having produced a volume on "The International Policy of the Great Powers," which they will issue this month.

Dr. Madden, whose "Travels in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt," published by Mr. Murray in 1829, had a great run of popularity, has again visited the East, and has embodied his observations in a work now in the press, to be entitled, "The Turkish Empire in its Relations with Christianity and Civilisation."

The long announced volumes on the Crimean War, by Kinglake, are at length in a forward state.

Messrs. Bosworth and Harrison announce an important political work—a "Refutation of the Seven Charges made by Mr. Gladstone, M.P., against the Duke of Modena."

The Duke of Manchester, we hear, is engaged in preparing from his family papers a couple of volumes for the press, illustrative of the history of English society from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne. The work is expected for the coming season.

The late Duke of Buckingham left behind him a private diary, which diary is to be immediately published. No man in our time led a stranger life, or lived more behind the political scenes, than the late duke. If he has entered truly what he saw and what he heard his book must be curious in the highest degree.

Bolton, thirty years ago, had only one newspaper, whose circulation did not reach 1,000. Bolton now has two newspapers of its own, which sell 5,000 a week, and buys 2,000 Manchester papers daily.

**STABILITY OF THINGS IN ENGLAND.**—In one of his lectures, Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wykeham, about the year 1050, endowed a house in the neighbourhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked for it, for ever; and when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test the good man's credit, and he knocked at the door, preferred his question, and received his measure of beer and quantity of bread, though its owner had been dead 606 years.



## Notes

## ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women thereon players."—*As You Like It*.

## THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This theatre re-opened for the season on Saturday, the 28th ult., with a new, original five-act comedy by Mr. John Brougham entitled "Playing with Fire." We call it a new piece, though has been played in America, but it was not on that account less of a novelty to a London audience. It was received with great favour, and the author, who acted a part in his own play, was summoned before the curtain at the end of almost every act. Though the piece might rather be called a farce than a comedy, and though a severe critic might find a thousand faults in it, it is very ingenious and clever, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was written—to shake the sides of the audience. Mr. John Brougham has a thorough knowledge of stage effect, and has turned that knowledge to the utmost possible account. It is easy to see that the writer is familiar with the stage, and is more of a play-wright than a dramatist; but no audience willing to be amused, would qualify their gratitude towards him for an evening's hearty merriment by weighing too scrupulously the claims of his light and lively little piece as a work of literature.

## THE STRAND.

Mr. H. J. Byron, like Mr. Brougham at the Princess's, appears to understand exactly how to please his audience. He cares little for his readers. He has produced a new "burlesque extravaganza," entitled "Esmeralda." It is founded on a novel of Victor Hugo. Mr. Byron's piece is full of good merriment and bad puns, and though he does not defy criticism, he defies the gravest man amongst his audience to refuse him a hearty laugh. In this respect he reminds us of the anecdote of Johnson and Foote. "I was resolved," said Johnson, "not to be pleased (with Foote), and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself upon the chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible." There may be a diversity of opinions in the house as to the merit of Mr. Byron's piece, but there is not a single grave face there during its performance.

## DRURY LANE.

Mr. G. V. Brooke will make his appearance at this theatre on the 28th instant.

## THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Edwin Booth, son of the Mr. Booth who was once the competitor of the elder Kean, has made his appearance at this theatre in the part of *Shylock*. We regret to say that his performance is not, upon the whole, a very decided success. He is a little too much disposed to tear a passion to tatters. He has not, however, had an unkind reception, and occasionally both in gesture and declamation was striking and effective. We shall not say all we think of him at present; for we have hardly yet seen enough of him to enable us to measure his powers and resources as an actor. As we are not at this time particularly rich in stage artists, we should not too hastily discountenance any new candidate for histrionic honours.

## THE OLYMPIC.

A new play, entitled "Jack of all Trades," has been brought out at this theatre with great success. We have not time to notice at length in our present number.

## THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Will open on the 14th, under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan.

MUSIC NOTICES.  
COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's truly delightful series of Promenade Concerts at this theatre come to a close this week. The style in which he brought out Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on Monday week last, at a comparatively short notice, did him, and the performers whom he led, the highest possible credit. A crowded house, exhibiting a perfect sea of heads, encircled the performances of Madame Laura Baxter and Mr. Vernon Rigby—the latter in an air, "Then shall the Righteous shine," and the former in "Oh rest in the Lord." Madame Laura's fine contralto was perhaps never heard to more advantage, and Mr. Rigby made the most of his sweet voice, and his careful and judicious style. Madlle. Parpa did not disappoint her admirers, and was particularly effective in the air, "Hear, ye Israel." Indeed, all the performers contributed their best efforts to the entertainment of one of the fullest houses of the season. Haydn's "Creation," performed before a crowded house on Monday (this week), was, in all respects, equally effective.

Madame Goldschmidt is about to sing once more in England, in a series of grand concerts, with her husband as conductor. Her first concert takes place at Exeter Hall on the 22nd.

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are preparing novelties for the winter season.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The grand festival of the French Palais de l'Industrie, in which 8,000 Orpheonists are to sing, will take place on Friday, the 18th; Sunday, the 20th; and Tuesday, the 22nd of this month.

Mr. H. F. Chorley has in the press a book of personal gossip, called "Twenty-five Years of Musical Recollections."

Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated actor, died suddenly on Friday last. For some time he had given up the practice of his profession; but, though in his seventy-second year, he was erect and active, and bore every promise of enjoying for many years to come the warm attachment of a select circle of friends, who valued him for the unsophisticated kindness of his nature and his many sterling virtues.

That the doors of Her Majesty's will be unbarred in the course of next month or so there is now little doubt. We read that Earl Dudley and Mr. E. T. Smith have "healed their quarrel"—whatever their quarrel was—and that the present

lessee of Cremorne Gardens is to be enthroned as manager in the Haymarket.

Among odds and ends of stage gossip, we find it is said that the Parisians cannot make out the title, "The Colleen Bawn." They fancy it is the bad French of the author which has made him muddle it, and, having tried their hand at translation, have got out that it should be "Mlle. Colline la Bonne" (the wet nurse). It is also reported that Meyerbeer, who can turn anything into music, has proposed to make an opera out of Moliere's "Tartuffe." We can conceive only one character more grotesque than that of a singing Mawworm—a singing pecksniff.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LINCOLN COURT, DRURY LANE, THE LATE HOME OF THE LITTLE HERO OF THE RUGBY ROMANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS."

Sir,—As you may not have sent your reporter to inspect the late home of the little hero of the Rugby Romance, permit me to offer your readers a few words about it. Passing two or three days ago through the immediate neighbourhood of Drury-lane, I thought I might as well take a peep at the now famous, or rather infamous, Lincoln Court. The back slums of London present a melancholy sight to the student of human nature, and it is not everyone who would have the courage to inspect them; for he who dares to enter their unlady precincts must expect to have all his senses outraged, and may even have a struggle not only for his money, but his life—and perhaps sacrifice both.

On turning into Lincoln Court I instinctively buttoned up my outer coat to protect and conceal my gold watch and chain. Thus prepared, I addressed myself to a group of female savages, with grimy faces and in dirty and tattered vestments. They were standing at the first doorway I came to. I civilly inquired whether they could point out the house in which the boy Bill had lived. "Oh, we doesn't know nothing whatsoever about him or his house," said the tallest of the group, whose large bony, ponderous fist, might act like a hammer on the head of an ox, or level a tall and stalwart life-guardsmen to the earth. Of the other unhappy wretches, one lovingly leered at me while her companions laughed loudly and insultingly. I then passed on, observing in that narrow gully every variety of wretchedness, physical and moral. The fetid atmosphere, the day being unusually sultry, was peculiarly oppressive, and one could fancy it pregnant with the germs of almost every loathsome and fatal disorder. There was not a face on either side, old or young, and the place was crowded, which seemed wholly unaffected by some irregularity or distemper, that takes the bloom from the cheek and the brightness from the eye. It seems strange to discover any corner of dear old England, so famous for her bracing air, for fresh complexions, and for vigorous frames, presenting such pitiable spectacles of sickness and infirmity, as are found in many parts of London. In Lincoln-court I could have fancied myself in some foreign land, in a plague-stricken city, where the miserable and ignorant inhabitants were left wholly to their own filth and poverty and wickedness. This vast metropolis presents a living picture, wonderfully varied and marked by most sudden and startling contrasts of light and shade. If any one doubt this, let him pass, some winter evening, from the warm and brilliantly lighted theatre in Drury-lane, full of faces bright with refined enjoyment, and plunge at once into the horrible dark lanes which are within a few yards of that great palace of amusement. I could not help thinking that the millions of pounds sterling expended on foreign missions, in the vain hope of turning stiff-necked pagans into true Christians, would have done infinitely more good if it had been expended in an attempt to improve the moral and physical condition of the wretched pariahs of society in the slums of London. Charity should begin at home.

When I had pushed my way through several little assemblages of apparently idle and reckless vagabonds, I came to two old women, who looked as if drunkenness was their normal condition. These poor wretches had never heard of the Rugby romance—at least, so they said, and yet I discovered that the house I was in search of was next door to them, and just as I was turning away, a woman called out to me, "I can show you the house, sir. Here it is." She led me in the first instance into the second floor front room. "I live here, sir, and the room was never so filthy as the papers say." It was certainly tolerably clean, though uncared for and wretchedly ill-furnished. "The woman," she said, "who had charge of the child is on the third floor. Would you like to see her?" I went up another flight, and my conductor, opening the door of the back room, called out to the tenant, "Here is a gentleman wants to see you." I stood face to face with the poor wretch who had charge of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Hill. I will not prejudice people against her by saying all I gathered of her character at a single glance. She has a cast in her eye, and does not look you in the face when talking with you. She said she had gained nothing but the first gift for her charge of the child. The moment the little creature fell ill she gave notice to a medical man. The poor child's leg was broken accidentally by her own daughter. The house is a poor lodging house and the one room this woman occupied with her own child and her adopted one, served her, in the words of the old song of the cobbler "for parlour, for kitchen and all." She had no bedstead, but I saw "the bed things" huddled up in a corner of the room on the floor. What a home for the heir to £14,000!

My chief object in writing this letter is not so much to call attention to the miserable cabin which was once the home of the little hero of the Rugby romance, whose history has already been balladised and sung about the neighbourhood, and was ringing in my ears as I passed a street minstrel a few yards from Lincoln Court, but to call the attention of charitable Christians who contribute their spare gold on missions to the black Pagans in foreign parts, to think a little more of their own poor countrymen and countrywomen immediately within their reach. If they wish to be wisely charitable, and do the most good within their power, let them work at home.—Yours obediently,

AN OBSERVER OF HUMAN LIFE.

TIT FOR TAT.—A Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do you ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy cronies. "No."—"I'll tell you; its because its empty." "And have you never had a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "No, never."—"And ye ken the reason?" "No."—"Its because its cracked."

## OPENING OF THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.

## A SCENE IN THE CITY ROAD.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 5.)

THE opening of the Post-office Savings Banks forms an epoch in the social life of the working classes of Great Britain. For the first time the Government of the country takes upon itself the responsibility of managing the hard-earned surplus money of the mechanic and the labourer, enabling them to invest their shillings and pence with as great security as is awarded to the merchant and the banker who invest their pounds in "the amiable Three per Cents." On Monday, the 16th ultimo, about three hundred of these new receptacles for savings were opened simultaneously in London and the country, little or no organisation for the purpose being required. The amount of business transacted hitherto far exceeds the most sanguine expectations of those who arranged the details of the scheme, a very large number of persons, male and female, of all ages and classes, having become depositors. Our Engraving on page 5 represents the lively scene which took place on the Monday in question in a grocery's shop, in the City-road, London, which, having been a money-order office before, has become now also a Post-office Savings Bank. The money collected here and elsewhere is always directly transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, for investment.

As these new savings banks will no doubt be greatly appreciated by the working classes (the readers, we trust, as a body, of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS"), we will here append the chief regulations relative to the working of the system. The first step to be taken by an intending depositor is to obtain at the Post-office a declaration to the effect that he has no other funds in a savings bank, to be signed with his name and address, and attested by the postmaster, or by some person known to him, or by a minister or churchwarden; with a separate attestation in case the depositor cannot write. A false declaration forfeits all deposits. The depositor then receives a book containing the entry of his deposit, with the post-master's signature and office stamp; this he must also sign; and it will be "primary evidence of the receipt of his deposit;" but for "conclusive evidence" he is to expect an acknowledgment by post from the Postmaster-General, and if he does not receive it within ten days, he must apply to the Postmaster-General by letter, and, if necessary, renew his application till he receives it. A similar twofold acknowledgment must be obtained for every subsequent deposit. These are the terms of the regulation; but the Act itself more explicitly limits the Government liability for the entry in the depositor's book to a term of ten days only from the date of the deposit, or of the first or renewed application to the Postmaster-General for his acknowledgment. If once the ten days run out the guarantee is at an end. When money is to be withdrawn, another form is to be signed by the depositor (but need not be attested) and sent to the Postmaster-General, who returns, by post, a warrant for the amount, payable at any post-office that may be required; if the money is to be received by a third party, another form must also be filled up, signed, and attested; and the depositor's book must be presented for entry of the payment before it is made. If the warrant is fraudulently obtained, or the holder personated, the production of and entry in the book is, nevertheless, to operate as an indemnity to the post office for the sum paid. The first business of every depositor is, therefore, to keep constantly on the look out for the acknowledgment by post from the General Post Office in London upon every separate deposit; the second is to be very careful of the safe custody of his book; and to give immediate notice to the General Post Office if he loses it. A third is to send his book to the General Post Office for inspection once a year on the anniversary of his first deposit.

Deposits may be made of a shilling or any number of entire shillings, or pounds and shillings, not exceeding £30 a year, and as fast as each entire pound is completed (and not before), interest on it will begin to run from the first day of the next calendar month, and at the year's end will be computed and added to the principal till the limit of £150 is reached, after which no further deposits can be made—but interest will go on till the fund rises by accumulation to £200, no further. The interest allowed is at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum.

## FLOATING DOCKS.

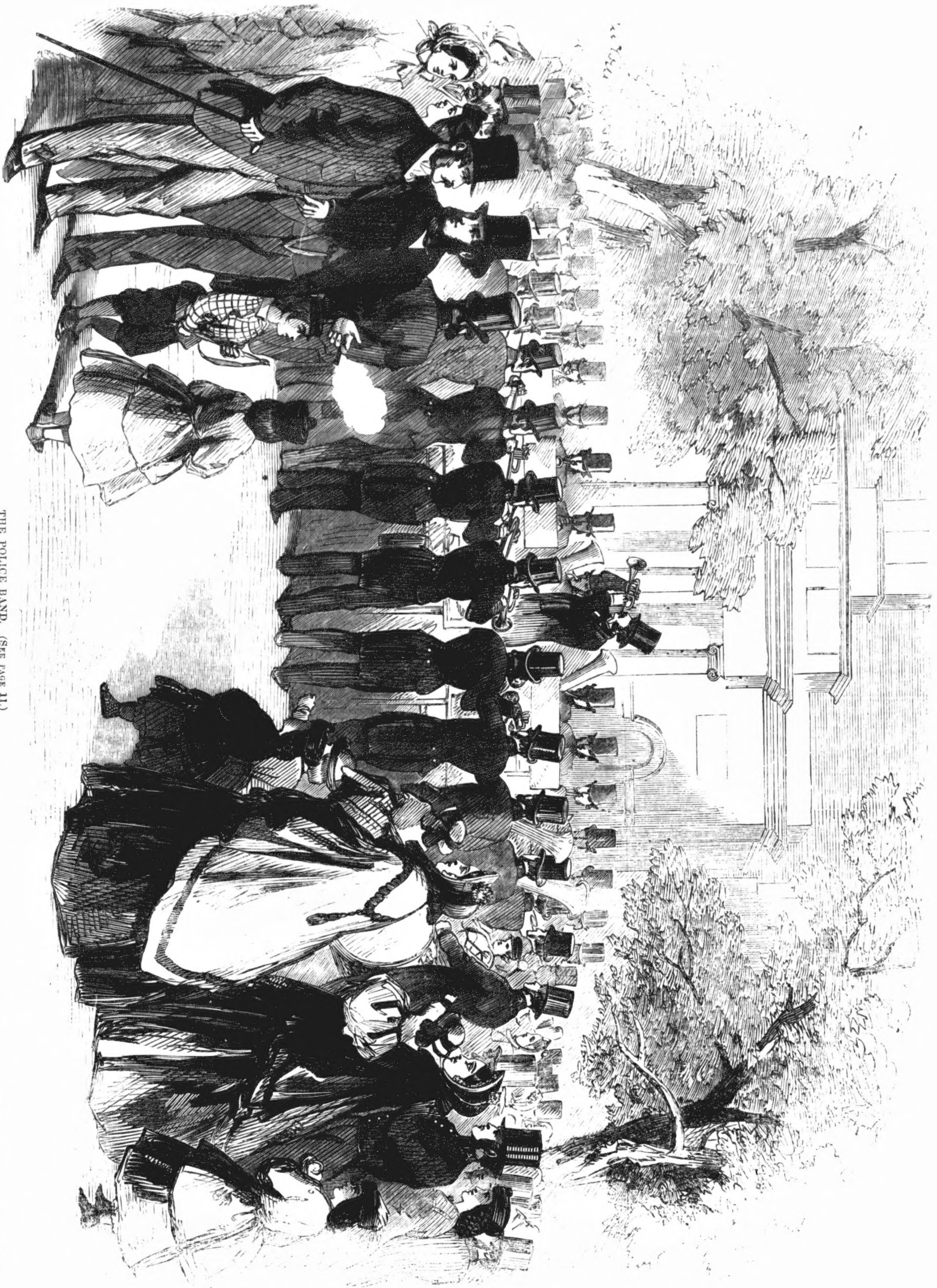
THE traveller by steamboat on the Thames cannot have failed to observe some lofty iron structures on the south shore near Greenwich, inside the Dreadnought Hospital Ship. This is one of the two floating docks which are being constructed by Messrs. George Rennie and Sons, the eminent engineers, for the Spanish naval arsenal. The immense structure was visited on Friday, and very minutely inspected by the Duke of Somerset, First Lord; Sir Frederick Grey and Captain Drummond, Naval Lords of the Admiralty. Their Lordships arrived at Messrs. Rennie's establishment, Greenwich, soon after three o'clock, and were conducted over the dock by Mr. John and Mr. George Rennie, who explained to their Lordships the nature and purposes of every portion of the floating dock. It consists of large rectangular pontoons, divided into several water-tight chambers, or compartments, but united as a whole. The dimensions of the base of the dock now made are 350 feet long, 105 feet in breadth, and 12 feet 6 inches in depth, the total displacement being somewhat over 13,000 tons, and capable of lifting vessels of at least 7,000 tons. On the longer sides of the base are constructed hollow walls, the outside being perpendicular, and the inside with shoring steps, such as are in ordinary graving, or dry docks; but they differ from them in having no walls at one end, or gates at the other, both ends being open, so that the length of the vessel to be docked is not of so much consideration as its weight. The mode of docking a vessel is very similar to that of the ordinary process. After the water has been found to be of the required depth to float the vessel that is to be docked, she is warped in and placed over the keel blocks, and shored up as the water leaves her sides; but this water (namely, that occupying the space between the sides of the vessel and the dock), instead of either being pumped out or allowed to run out as the tide falls, is displaced in consequence of the whole dock and vessel being raised bodily out of the water. This is done by means of engines and pumps placed in the side wall, and as soon as the vessel is properly placed the water is pumped out of the chambers or compartments for the rectangular base, until the vessel is sufficiently above the level of the water to permit her being repaired.





GENERAL LYON AND HIS BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK. (SEE PAGE 11.)





THE POLICE BAND. (SEE PAGE 11.)



## TO OUR READERS.

THE year 1861 will be memorable for the sudden multiplication of cheap papers. Literature and knowledge of all kinds can no longer be regarded as the exclusive privilege of the wealthy. A penny postage was a great public boon, but a penny press is a greater. Amidst the multitude of new periodicals inviting the attention and patronage of the public, we present this day a specimen of decidedly the cheapest newspaper that has yet appeared;—not the lowest in price—nominally—for there are many other penny papers—but the cheapest in reality—the cheapest with reference to what is given for the money.

With the gradual repeal of all the former restrictive burdens on the press, the tax on advertisements, the stamp duty, and other financial encumbrances, newspapers have increased a hundredfold, and journals adapted to the taste of nearly all classes have sprung into existence. There is only one description of periodical which, though in great demand, has never yet been supplied—namely, an *illustrated newspaper for the million*. It is the million, the great bulk of the middle and working classes, who, above all, require a truthful record of events in the striking form of pictorial illustration, as well as verbal description, and who yet have never had a paper combining the characteristics now offered to them. The repeal of the paper duty for the first time renders it possible to supply a periodical of the kind. It has encouraged the proprietors of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS" to realise the idea of an *illustrated family paper of the highest class at the price of one penny*. Every one must admit that a newspaper of sixteen pages, with from ten to fifteen first-rate illustrations, full of condensed news, with numerous original articles, a tale written by a popular author, and complete and special reports of all the events of the week, for one penny, is a marvel of cheapness, even in this age of low-priced papers. The existence of such a paper can only be ensured by an enormous circulation, and the proprietors of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS," fully aware of this fact, have resolved to spare no expense, labour, or perseverance to acquire and retain the favour of the general public. Nothing shall be wanting to make the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS" worthy of being considered THE STANDARD FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We shall not trouble our readers with an elaborate prospectus, or a formal confession of our political faith. We wish not to be judged of by any preliminary professions. It will be sufficient for the present to state that we consider all government should have for its main object the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and that a *cheap and free press* is the noblest blessing that the community can enjoy, because it spreads useful knowledge and innocent entertainment in the easiest and most acceptable form into every corner of the land, teaching the people how to appreciate their best national institutions, how to unite the love of order with the love of liberty, how to obey and support a wise and honest Government; and lastly, how to check misrule, by means strictly legitimate and constitutional.

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

NEVER was the education of the public, down to its lowest circles, more anxiously studied by the statesman and the philanthropist than in these times; nor would it be possible to conceive any mode of improving the masses more direct and efficient than the multiplication of cheap newspapers, properly conducted; and the comparatively new feature of press illustrations by competent artists must tend to refine the tastes of the humblest purchaser of an illustrated penny paper. There will now be no limit to the circulation of knowledge.

About a century and a half ago, Addison observed that there was no humour in his countrymen which he was more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst for news. What would he have said to any one who, gifted with a seer's sight, had told him of the universal craving in these times for intelligence of all descriptions and from all quarters of the earth; the vast supply of public journals which yet hardly answers the increasing demand for them, and the countless hosts of "gentle men of the press" who live upon their literature. Speaking of his own times, he states it as a rather startling fact, that "there are about half a dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon the curiosity of their fellow subjects." Half a dozen writers on the British press! And now their name is Legion. "A westerly wind," says Addison, "kept the whole town in suspense and put a stop to conversation." No wind from the north, south, east, or west, can in these days keep all London in suspense for any considerable period. Steam and electricity are now our drivers and postmen—and these defy or outstrip the winds. The electric telegraph lowers our admiration of the skill of Ariel, who could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Utilitarian truth has surprised the most poetical imagination. Mr. Reuter's telegrams are as "swift as meditation or the thoughts of love."

Eloisa in her epistle to Abelard tells us how letters

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And wait a sigh from Italy to the Pole.

But in Eloisa's day the intercourse by letters between distant

lovers must have tried their patience sadly, and the progress of a sigh from Indus to the pole must have been anything but "speedy." A sigh under a paper envelope must have taken some weeks at least to pass from Paris to London. A tender message "to one who will understand it," might now be sent from the Rue Richelieu to Piccadilly in as many minutes. If science and general education keep their present pace, the reality of the future will surpass the most extravagant speculations of the present generation, sanguine as they are. Every genuine friend to truth and liberty and knowledge, must regard such a prospect of marvellous progress with grave and earnest exultation. England owes almost everything to the art of printing—to books and papers, and pens sharper than swords. Free thought and free speech have progressed beyond all hope, in spite of royal proclamations, and fires, and branding irons, and pillory, and imprisonment, and the chopping off of ears and hands. Individuals suffer, but mankind advance; and the race of despots have discovered that nothing is so potent as the press. We call it in England the Fourth Estate. In reality it is the first Estate. It is the people's noblest and strongest representative. No earthly power can be compared with it. "The Press," says Benjamin Constant, "is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world." Even Samuel Johnson, who perhaps little anticipated what the advance of knowledge would make men think of torism like his own, spoke highly of the press as a public instructor, at a time when the press was not what it now is. He confessed that "he never took up a newspaper without finding something he should have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement." How can it be otherwise in what Cowper calls "a folio of four pages," (now a folio of 16) of so diversified a character. Even more than the drama itself does a newspaper hold the mirror up to nature and give the very age and body of the time, its form and presence. "What is it," says De Tocqueville, "that drops the same thought at the same moment into ten thousand minds—the newspaper?" "There she is," exclaims Thackeray, speaking of the press, "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this minute giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the prices of potatoes at Covent Garden." Lord Chatham said he did not care who made the laws, provided he could have the making of the ballads. But newspapers are even more powerful than ballads. "Give me," said Sheridan, "but the liberty of the press, and I will give the Minister a venal House of Peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission and overcome resistance;—and yet armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine; I will shake down from its height, corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins it was meant to shelter."

DURING the last twelve years some of the clerks and shopmen of London have attended evening classes, and have gained what knowledge they could expect to gain from evening lectures. The average attendance was about seven hundred. A number of friends, headed by the Bishop of London, have at last determined to erect a city college more completely to meet the wishes of these meritorious young men, who, instead of sacrificing their brief, but valuable leisure, in frivolous or vicious pleasures, are anxious to improve their status as intellectual beings. It is proposed that the City of London College shall consist of patrons, vice patrons, presidents and vice-presidents, members, associates, and students. In the election of these, subscribing students will have right of voting. The only objection to the scheme is the fear that the college, with a company of salaried officers, will be unable to supply education on such cheap terms as have accommodated the evening classes.

SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, born with a golden spoon in his mouth and with all sorts of aristocratical surroundings, and who began life as a Radical, then turned Tory, and is at present a strange cross of both, in an after-dinner speech at Hitchin, on the occasion of the last annual meeting of the Hertfordshire Agricultural Society, gave a very elaborate exposition of the present politics of Europe and America. It is odd that the meetings of agriculturists should be so productive of purely political orations. One might fairly expect that the topics of the speeches on such occasions would be of the earth earthy, and that instead of sublime speculations on the destinies of nations or a profuse display of the flowers of rhetoric, or the thistles and briars of party politics, the guests would have to listen to practical details respecting cabbages and turnips.

The chosen orators, however, at agricultural dinners are not practical, plain-spoken farmers, or mere country gentlemen whose talk is of oxen, but great notoriety in London life, whose associations are more political than bucolic. The famous author of "Pelham" is not especially remarkable for modesty or consistency, and loving the sound of his own voice, and rejoiced to be "the observed of all observers," and eager to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, yet thinking a good

deal more of himself than of his hearers, is never likely to be checked by any very scrupulous regard to the proprieties of time and place. We should not, however, put much stress on the unsuitableness of his brilliant political harangue at the Hitchin agricultural meeting, if it were not in some degree objectionable on more important grounds. We fear that coming from a man of such world-wide renown as an author, and who so lately held, in his political capacity, the important post of Colonial Secretary, his allusions to "the apparent unity and fancied strength" of the great American Republic will give mortal offence to "our cousins," and tend to confirm them in their ideas of English hostility, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. While rejoicing in the new unity of Italy, he seemed equally to rejoice in the disunion of the American States. He does not hesitate to declare that the growing greatness of the American nation would threaten the safety of Europe; but to soothe our fears, he tells us that the American Government is about to be weakened by division; that in future she will resemble Europe, and be broken not into two great States only, but into many distinct and sovereign commonwealths under separate flags. What will they say to this in New York? If he does not desire to run the risk of being tarred and feathered, the honourable orator had better not pay a visit just now to the Northerners. The Americans were always touchy; but their irritability at this moment has brought them to the verge of madness.

We do not suppose that the eloquent speaker intended a provocation to any one, for he was no doubt thinking more of himself than of anybody else; but most certainly his speech at Hitchin, though he had a perfect right to make it, will be any thing but acceptable at New York or Boston.

The Americans, however, are the last people in the world, who ought to complain of the freedom of the press or the tongue; and certainly the probable result of the present civil war is an open question, a fair subject of speculation and moderate comment, for both friends and foes; nor can it be denied that if America were to continue to go a-head for another century at the rate she has gone during the last fifty years and be still an undivided nation under one flag, with one name and one Government, if she had the will she would also have the power to be the conqueror of all the conquerors of the earth. But who can doubt that there is a limit to all earthly power; and that any single Empire, if carried beyond certain bounds, will lose in strength what it gains in extent, and at last fall to pieces?

England never had a fear that Jonathan would become the one great master of the world. She could always afford to exult in the triumphs of liberty in all quarters of the globe. No amount of freedom in other nations could endanger her own. The people who gave twenty millions of pounds sterling to emancipate the Slaves in the West Indies, would not be very likely to allow the question of the cotton trade to affect her judgment in favour of the Southern Slave-holders supposing that she were reduced to the necessity of taking a decided part in the present deplorable civil war. If any American really imagines that England is afraid her offspring is growing too big and potent for her, that, like an unnatural mother, she regards her own child as a dangerous rival, and that her supposed ill-will is founded on fear, he is assuredly labouring under a very absurd delusion. No one state will ever again be able to rule over all others. The wide spread of liberty and intelligence makes it impossible that we should ever see another state as unrivalled and despotic as the old Roman Empire.

The present alliance of the British, French, and Spanish Governments against Mexico is better entitled to the name of the Holy Alliance than the confederacy of Russia, Austria, and Prussia after the overthrow of the first Napoleon, for the support of absolutism and misrule. The task of bringing the Mexicans to their senses will thus be completed with comparatively little expense or trouble to either of the three high contracting parties. It is full time, indeed, to put a stop to the outrages of these ruffianly anarchists who are running a-muck against all civilized people. The Spaniards and the French have to obtain satisfaction for all sorts of injuries and indignities; and British merchants interested in Mexican property have satisfied Earl Russell that our Government has a special right of intervention, inasmuch as the revenues and customs of the Mexican ports are mortgaged to British subjects—while the produce is unlawfully withheld. Late advices give us a fresh catalogue of outrages upon British subjects. Three attempts were lately made to assassinate Englishmen in the streets, and an English lady was shot in her diligence. It is to be hoped that the alliance may form a sort of protectorate, put down anarchy, and save the people of Mexico from themselves.

The Americans invited Garibaldi to their assistance—but what had he to do there at all in keeping with his own character and career? The hero is in great demand, it seems. Hungary now solicits his aid, and there can be no question that if he could secure the independence of Hungary, he would make assurance doubly sure for his beloved Italy. He would by such a triumph bring additional glory to himself, and might fairly claim, and secure from all true lovers of liberty, in all parts of the world,

A debt immense of endless gratitude.



The Americans—Northerners and Southerners—seem disposed to believe that England is watching their present unhappy civil conflict with secret exultation. Both parties equally complain of our professed neutrality and our ill-concealed envy and hatred. The Britishers, they say, are delighted to behold the two parties "tearing each other to pieces." They assert that it would really be a great disappointment to us if the peace party in America should bring about an amicable settlement of the dispute. A public writer in New York maintains that there is a general expectation in that quarter, that England, in spite of her ungenerous reserve and selfish caution, will eventually be forced to take up the cause of one side or the other, probably that of the South, from mercenary motives; and it is also supposed that France, "towards which nation the kindest feelings exist," will become the ally of the Federal Government. The Americans may speculate upon such wild improbabilities as much as they please; it is a mere beating of the air. Think what they may, England is heartily sorry to behold this great fratricidal war, quite independently of any reference to her own immediate possible loss or profit from the result. No man, however under self-control, should attempt to reason with another who is incited with passion, and especially with an angry American. England need not, cannot wait in this case to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober; she may at once and safely leave the interpretation of her conduct, as far as America is concerned, to the other three quarters of the world.

#### PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TOM TIBBINS, ESQ., OF PROSPECT VILLA, CLAPHAM.

TUESDAY, October 1, 1861. Up at 6 a.m., to see Mrs. T. off to Margate. Very glad that the affair with Scraggell Brothers, gives me an excuse for staying in town. Horrible place, that Margate—atmosphere a compound of Cheapside, Billingsgate, and Regent's Street, with a dash of the higher mosaic element of Houndsditch. *Nec bella, nec puella!*

To the club in the afternoon. Was greatly amused reading the pompous articles of the papers of to-day on the quarterly revenue returns. *Palmerston's Post* deducts endless prosperity from the figures; *Derby's Herald* distils appalling miseries from the same source. What wonderful men these writers of leading articles are. To thrash, again and again, straw that has been thrashed a hundred times already; never to see an atom of wheat, and yet go on thrashing and thundering, day after day, for a considerable number of years—it is a most extraordinary acquirement of modern times. Whenever I see the mountain of new daily, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals lying on the table, I cannot help thinking that Captain Sword will have to vanish ere long before Captain Pen.

WEDNESDAY, October 2.—Took early in the morning a walk into Battersea Park, where I haven't been for some time. Was astonished at the beautiful appearance of the grounds, so recently reclaimed from a swamp. Got an interesting history of the place from friend Seaward, at whose house I called on my way home. Battersea, he says, was anciently an island—St. Patrick's-Ey, swept all around by the Thames, and belonging to the monks of St. Patrick, that is, St. Peter's, Westminster. Gradually the land was reclaimed, the river driven back to its single bed, and the ground, no more island, converted into market gardens. But the gardeners, like other mortals, felt thirsty now and then, and not relishing Thames water, an ingenious fellow among them set up a beer-house for their benefit—which being of span-new bricks, was called the Red House. There was plenty of waste land around the Red House; and it being not far from Ranelagh and Vauxhall, the ground soon became a great resort for pigeon-shooters and gamblers, of a somewhat less fashionable class than the Ranelagh visitors. It also was much resorted to in so-called affairs of honour; and his grace the victor of Waterloo himself did not despise to play a game of pistols with a noble friend near the Red House. He was not hurt, the Iron Duke; but only fell into a ditch and got very dirty. Duels, pigeon-shooting, and worse things, soon made the Red House so famous that it became the perpetual resort of half the scum of Lambeth and the Borough, and an eyecore to the whole neighbourhood. The Rev. Robert John Eden, vicar of Battersea, seeing this state of things, at last made his mind up to exterminate the evil, if possible. He was of a high family; the reverend gentleman: heir to the Barony of Auckland; and he and his friends used all their influence to determine Government to buy the disreputable Battersea fields, and convert the place into a reputable park. But Whitehall Hippopotamus was not so easily stirred, and Mr. Robert Eden had to talk, and write, and run, and petition for a round ten years before the least notice was taken of him and his plans. Then, at last, a parliamentary commission was appointed, and the talking began afresh. A grand impetus was, however, given to the movement when Mr. Eden, on a sudden, became Baron Auckland, and was nominated to the bishopric of Sodor and Man. Hippopotamus now set off at once into a fast trot, and all difficulties vanished in a surprisingly short time. The whole of Battersea fields was purchased by Government, the ground laid out as a park, and a fine bridge built from the place where the Red House stood, and the ditch of the immortal Duke. The Rev. Robert John Eden at present is Bishop of Bath and Wells; and, I think, he well deserves a statue in Battersea-park.

THURSDAY, October 3.—Had a most informal headache all day long; the result, I guess, of a bottle and a half of cheap port, which I was forced to imbibe in honour of the birthday of my friend Jones, of Camberwell. A malediction on Gladstone, for lowering the wine duties, and tempting my old friend to substitute bad port for good port.

FRIDAY, October 4.—To the Club at 11 a.m. Nobody there but old Captain Jackson, who is reading, with eyes half shut, *Le Bengal Hurkaru*. Waiter obligingly informs me that "everybody is out of town;" which means, I suppose, that I can do nothing better than take myself off too, so as to leave him the arm chair opposite sleeping *Hurkaru*. The impudence of the fellow! Not to understand that I, in not obeying the arbitrary decrees of fashion, am showing a truly enlightened

sense of the intellectual progress of the age. I am proud of my independence, justly proud. There is Jack Robinson, my friend of the Inner Temple, suffering of sour wine and *cinqui* at Naples, and dreaming of briefs which he will never get. Wouldn't he be happier dining at the Rainbow, in Fleet-street, than at the wretched *Albergo Reale*; and wouldn't he save his pence in the bargain, which, God knows, he will want soon enough, if he marries little Lucy Smith, whose whole fortune consists in her pretty blue eyes. Then there is my old friend Samuel Rudge, of Moorgate-street, now erring with his faithful spouse and his seven little ones through the wilds of Switzerland. For a stout stockbroker to crawl over glaciers, and to fancy that he is enjoying himself trying gymnastic exercises over huge boulders of granite—was there ever such a delusion of the mind? And then my humble friend, Jonathan Cockle, the retired draper, passing up and down the Rhine, in the full persuasion that the natives take him to be a genuine British lord! Not a lord, I should say, but rather a *lecomte*, to use the elegant expression of the Prussian judge, in the famous Macdonald trial at Bonn. Yes, it is clear, my travelling friends are deluded mortals indeed, ignorant alike of discriminating sense and worldly experience. I alone . . . but it's getting dreary around me: not a sound in the streets; not a sound in the house—save the soft music emitted by the nasal organ of the *Hurkaru* reader. I'll be off, taking a twopenny ride to the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park.

These cheap 'busses, I am sure, are among the most popular institutions of the country. Particularly the outside of the 'bus: "three pence inside; two pence outside; all the way." I clambered up the slippery ladder in front of Whitehall, and was delighted with the fine view from the summit. It was the first time I ever rode upon the top of a 'bus. Here is noble equality indeed. The mechanic jostles the merchant; the peer of the realm sits side by side with the costermonger (somebody told me he had once seen the noble Premier on the top of a 'Westminster'). I almost fancy I see the Poet Laureate in the man with the black dress coat, next to the driver. While indulging in patriotic dreams, I was, however, somewhat violently startled at the sudden appearance, next to me, of two men in fastidious jackets—one of them carrying on his arm a ferocious-looking little puppy of the bulldog species. The man with the dog—Jim, his companion called him—sat next to me; very uncomfortably near. The puppy was turning his bloodshot head in my direction, in contemplative mood. "Your pretty little dog, I hope, is not fierce," I said, mildly addressing my neighbour. "Not fierce! What do you mean?" he retorted; "do you think I would feed one of those d— old women's pups . . ." Fortunately, the bus stopped at the moment; whereupon I took the opportunity to slip down the ladder behind, with a volley of imprecations ringing in my ear. It is a great pity, I think, the *Vox populi* should be so much given to swearing.

SATURDAY, October 5.—A letter from Mrs. Tibbins, at Margate. I am astonished and perplexed. Mrs. T. wishes me to come down to the "lovely sea-side" immediately; to take train this very day. What in the world can this mean? I can't make it out, read as I may it again and again. Ah! there's a postscript. "Please, my darling, to look in at Madame Leonie Pompadour, Grosvenor Street, and get me a nice bonnet of the latest fashion. I hear there is something new up from Paris. But carry it very carefully, darling!" How affectionate! I hope I shall not disappoint my dear wife; I was half inclined to run down to Margate to-day; but this awful postscript! I will write a letter to Mrs. Tibbins, telling her that I am excessively busy, and cannot by any possibility go down country for at least a week.

Mem.—I will write as if I had not seen the postscript at all.

5 p.m.—The club is drearier than ever. Waiter tells me that nobody has been there for the last twenty-four hours; nobody but the captain, who fell asleep over the first page of *Hurkaru*, instead of the second, as is his wont.

SUNDAY, October 6.—Compelled to go to church with old Aunt Giddy, for whose company I don't care much. A troublesome old lady, indeed; but, lo, she's rich, and Mrs. Tibbins thinks that as we have four precious little darlings, it would be wrong to neglect her. Aunt Giddy always goes to St. John's church, where the Rev. Timothy Smith is expounding the Apocalypse. I was punctual in attendance this morning, and Aunt was gratified to lead me into St. John's as the clock struck eleven. There were some twenty elderly ladies present, besides the beadle and a troop of little girls from a charity school, looking very small and very miserable. I fancy I can read the word charity in each of the faces of the poor little ones. Presently the Rev. Timothy Smith steps into the pulpit; a thin, tall man, with a narrow chest and an exceedingly small head. He begins counting his congregation, and being evidently satisfied, commences delivering his sermon. It is on the Beast of the Apocalypse: what the Beast has done, is doing, and is going to do. The voice of the reverend preacher is small and thin; I do not think the Bishop of Rochester would let it pass examination. It is in the same key all throughout; and while I am listening, trying hard to understand the meaning of the sounds, an uncomfortable feeling of drowsiness comes creeping over me. I believe I really fell asleep at last, though I am ashamed to confess it even to myself. I was horrified when I awoke and saw the piercing little eyes of the Rev. Timothy Smith turned straight upon me; with his small voice ringing in my ear. Looking round I discovered, to my immense consolation, that dear Aunt Giddy was asleep also, as well as the rest of the congregation. Ah, how beautiful and fresh the outside seemed when I sallied out of St. John's. Aunt Giddy says it was a splendid sermon, which it was impossible for me to deny.

Going home to Clapham, I passed the Rev. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, from which an immense crowd was issuing forth. A whole posse of policemen was required to keep order, and file off the thousands who flocked from the large gates. What a strange contrast between the church of St. John's and this Baptist temple. I wonder whether the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon counts his congregation, and whether he expounds the Apocalypse.

Took a walk in Richmond-park in the afternoon. What a superbly glorious sunny evening after the rainy morn. The yellow, green, and golden tints of the trees form a magnificent picture, such as no poet ever described, nor artist ever painted. I love Autumn. Beautiful is the first green of Spring; but a thousand times more splendid are the rich and ever varied hues of Autumn. They are like glimpses into a new and strange world. Spring is youth, high aiming, but mundane vital;

Autumn is ripe manhood, grand, glorious, hoping not only but understanding, and with a dart at a short-drawn Winter, and at Springs and Summers without end, beyond it. So be it!

#### POLICE BANDS.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 8.)

The valuable institution of St. Paul's Peal—which penny-players delight in designating "the force," and which the youthful generation rather indelicately talks of as "the police," and "the bobby," has recently begun to distinguish itself in a new sphere of activity. The force is commencing to practise the *piano* as well as the *forte*, with the intention of softening the hearts of sinner citizens, after having prosecuted their pockets. In a word, the members of the metropolitan force have formed music bands among the natives. Of the origin of the movement (everything is a "movement" now-a-days—volunteer soldiering, cricket playing, revival attending, and water drinking) nothing is known to us, though we spent several quires of note paper in elucidating the matter. Sergeant Horn, whom we addressed on this point, said he didn't know; Detective Budy replied that he didn't care; and Inspector Druce did not reply at all. An amicable conversation with X 999, to whom I assign the important duty of procuring our terms, did not, however, afford a minimum of light on the question. "For some time past," he said, "the various divisions of the police, (with the sanction of the Commissioner,) have been forming bands for the pastime and instruction of the men during their leisure hours. Mr. Superintendent Gernon of the G Division was one of the first to perceive the benefits that would arise from so delightful a recreation as music. In the month of February, 1860, he started a brass band, placing it under the charge of Inspector Fyfe, of Old Street station, as President. The performances of the band have been attended with a remarkable degree of success. The men have during the past summer, performed several times in the squares and other public places in the neighbourhood of their stations, much to the gratification of the inhabitants. They have also had the honour of performing at the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington; in the presence of His Royal Highness, Prince Albert and several members of the royal family. The Commissioners of Police have shown the warmest interest in them, by attending at some of the performances." So far the statement volunteered to us by X 999, and which, if it does not give a full history of the origin and progress of Police bands, yet serves to some extent as an explanation. It also explains our engraving on page 8, representing a performance of the band of the G division in Kings-square, St. Luke, near the Old Street station. The same band sometimes performs, we are told, at St. Luke's Hospital, to the great delight of its poor lunatic inmates.

There is no doubt that this formation of music bands, which, from all we have been able to learn, entirely originated among the men themselves, deserves the very highest credit. Considering the low salary paid to all the subordinate officers of the police force, and the great expense of the brass instruments, which had to be purchased at the sole cost of the amateur performers, it speaks of an amount of heroic sacrifice not often met with among men in a like situation. All this appears to have been done out of a pure love of music, and without any mercenary considerations whatever; for although the bands have been playing at the Royal Horticultural Society, and other aristocratic assemblages, where probably they were paid for their attendance, they, on the other side, according to our informant, have been performing more frequently still in the squares near their stations, where, to a certainty, they got no remuneration. We may bid true welcome, therefore, to this noble and high-minded movement among the members of the force, which, considered in all its bearings and consequences, must be pronounced one of the most cheering "Signs of the Times."

#### GENERAL LYON AND HIS BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 8.)

Our engraving on page 8 represents one of the most stirring scenes of the civil war in America, which have lately taken place. The Battle of Wilson's Creek, one of the first successes of Federal troops over the Confederates, was fought on the tenth of August last—the army of the Confederates numbering about 24,000 men. Its loss in the battle is not yet—perhaps never will be—accurately known; but it is conceded by the Memphis papers to have been, in round numbers, 800 killed and 1,200 wounded, besides the loss in prisoners and missing. Gen. Price, who commanded the Missouri Confederates in the action, reports their number at 5,220, of whom 156 were killed and 517 wounded. From all accounts, it seems certain that the Confederates' loss in killed and wounded was not far from 4,000.

The loss of the Union force is definitely ascertained to have been 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 291 missing—or, a total of 944 killed and wounded. This, a loss of one-fifth, or 20 per cent. of the whole number engaged, shows with what determination the battle was fought by General Lyon's heroic band. The 1st Iowa, the 1st Kansas, and Col. Frank Blair's St. Louis regiments, particularly distinguished themselves for undaunted bravery and endurance. The first went into battle 825 strong, and lost 18 killed, 137 wounded, and four missing—a total loss of 159 men, or about 20 per cent. of its whole number. Had the French and Austrians fought with corresponding determination at Solferino, their aggregate loss would have been 80,000 instead of 30,000. But the gallantry of the Iowa regiment must yield to that of the St. Louis regiment. It fired the first and last shot in the action, and was severely engaged. It entered with 725 men, and came out with a loss of 313, of whom 77 were killed, 219 wounded, two captured and 15 missing—a total loss in killed and wounded of upwards of 10 per cent. Had the French and Austrians fought with equal tenacity at Solferino, their loss would have been 14,000 men instead of 30,000. The 1st Kansas regiment equally distinguished itself. It went into battle 770 strong. Its loss was 291, of which 49 were killed and mortally wounded. Altogether, the Battle of Wilson's Creek was one of the most sanguinary encounters on record in history.



## THE ROMANCE OF RUGBY.

In the summer of 1852, somewhat more than nine years ago, there resided at Brussels Miss Amy Georgina Burdett, said to be grand-daughter of the celebrated Westminster radical, Sir Francis Burdett. The lady, being endowed with great personal charms, as well as with a considerable fortune, had, of course, a large circle of admirers; and being pressed to select a husband from among the number, she chose, after some consideration, Mr. Richard Guinness Hill, the scion of an old Irish family. The marriage took place on the 28th Aug., 1852, at the British Embassy at Brussels; and the "happy couple" immediately started on the inevitable honeymoon tour to Paris and along the Rhine. Mr. and Mrs. Hill lived together at various places until the year 1859, there being no offspring. However, in January, 1859, Mrs. Hill, then living with her husband at Dublin, announced her approaching confinement; and it was arranged that they should go to London, there to await the event. But no sooner had Mrs. Hill set foot on English soil than she began to feel unwell, and had to take refuge at the nearest inn by the railway station at Rugby, where she was soon after delivered of a fine male child. On the following day, Mr. Hill went to the office of the Registrar at Rugby, where he entered the child's name as "Robert Hill, son of Robert Hill, general merchant," and of "Mary Hill, formerly Seymour." Mr. Hill then left for London, having previously persuaded his wife to give the new-born baby out to nurse. The day following his arrival, he informed her that he had made the necessary arrangements, and requested that the child might be sent up by train with the nurse. The "arrangements" of Mr. Hill were the following:—Pacing up and down the Haymarket, he had espied one evening an old beggar-woman, one Andrews, and demanded of her whether she would like to take care of a baby for a consideration. The hag begging leave to turn over the subject in her poor old brain, another appointment was made for the following evening, when she brought a friend, a thief, yclept Scott, *alias* Idle, and the two agreed with the happy father to take his son under their care, for the annual pay of sixteen pounds sterling. The contract having been concluded, Mr. Hill, and *Mesdames* Andrews and Scott went together in a cab to the Euston-square station, awaiting the arrival of the child. Baby punctually made his appearance at eleven o'clock in the evening, in charge of a little girl of fourteen, whom the careful mother had entrusted with her first-born. The poor little fellow was duly made over to Andrews and Scott, *alias* Idle, and forthwith taken to the classical realm of the Seven Dials, to be instructed in begging, lying, and thieving. The happy father returned to Rugby, to inform Mrs. Hill that the baby had been well provided for. Mrs. Hill at first was content with this state of affairs; but after a while began to be uneasy about her child. To repeated questions about its welfare, Mr. Hill gave but vague replies; and, quarrels ensuing, things reached at last such a climax that husband and wife were forced to separate. Repentance now set in with the unhappy mother, and she decided on trying all means to regain the child which she had too easily given up into strange hands. She applied to the lynch-eyed detectives of the metropolis, and the consequence was the following hand-bill, stuck up in hundreds of copies on all the corners of St. Giles, Houndsditch, and Alsatia:—

"MASTERS OF WORKHOUSES, POLICE OFFICERS, CAR-DRIVERS, AND OTHERS.

"CHILD MISSING.—£20 reward will be paid to any person or



MR. BRETT, THE DETECTIVE.

persons who may give such information as shall lead to the discovery of a male infant, brought in the evening of, or about the 17th of January, 1859, in the care of a servant girl, 15 years of age, to the Euston station of the London and North Western Railway, and opposite the station in Drummond-street, was given into the custody of two women by a gentleman, aged about 30, 5 feet 6 inches high, thin and fair, who went in a four-wheel cab from the neighbourhood of the Haymarket with the women. One of the women, stout in person, about 40 years old; the other very dark, thin, and tall, both dirtily dressed in cotton gowns. The infant was then but ten days old, and was enveloped in a large double plaid shawl, dark green and blue, rather faded. The infant was a fine healthy boy, and would now be about two years and a half old. The stout woman gave the name of 'Farebrother,' and the address of Litchfield-street or Titchfield-street, Soho, and had meetings with the gentleman abovementioned, in Windmill-street, Haymarket, early in January, 1859.

"Whoever will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the child may receive the above reward.

"Application to be made and information to Inspector Hamilton, City Police Detection Office, 26, Old Jewry, E. C.; or to George Francis Cooke, solicitor, 30, King-street, Cheap-side, E. C.

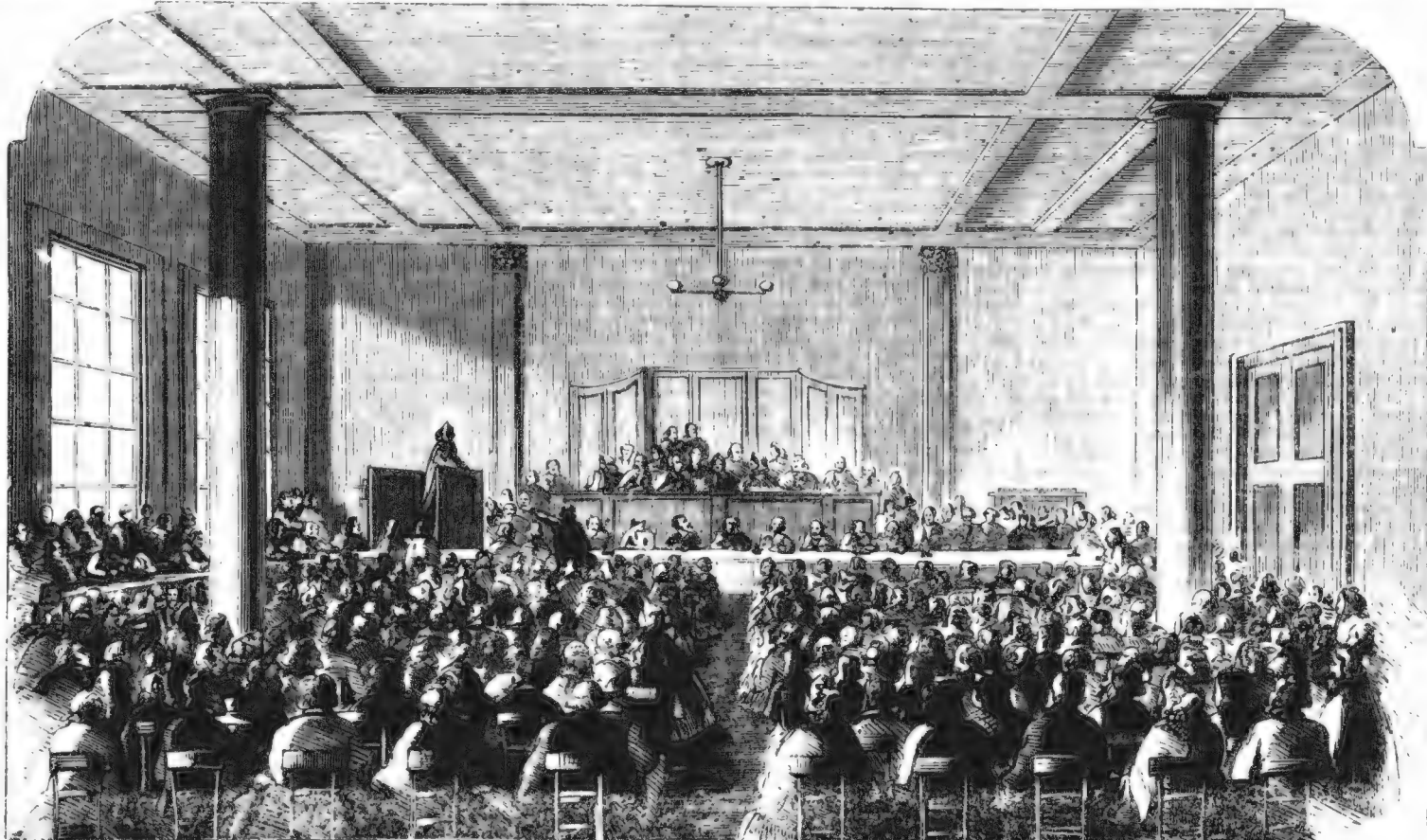
"June 8, 1861."

The magical twenty pounds reward soon had the de-

sired effect. An aged denizen of Lincoln court came forward with information about the lost child, and the sharp-witted detectives, having once got a clue, followed it up perseveringly, until they discovered the Rugby baby in one of the hovels of St. Giles. There was the woman Andrews, in the midst of a horde of beggars and thieves; and there, too, was the child delivered up to her in Euston-square, the great-grandson of Sir Francis Burdett. It was no easy thing for the bold harriers of the law to their way into and out of this den of misery, and a plentiful distribution of cuffs and coppers proved the only means of securing the desired prize. The child was carefully laid hold of and carried off in triumph to his mother. The mingled feeling of joy and pain with which she received her long-lost baby it is easier to imagine than to describe.

Detective justice having done her work, it now came to be the turn of retributive law to take the case in hand. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of Mr. Richard Guinness Hill, and entrusted to the care of an active member of the "force." But Mr. Hill, meanwhile, had taken himself off to Brussels, hearing, no doubt, of the brewing storm; and it became no small matter of difficulty to get him within jurisdiction. A stratagem at last had the desired effect. Brett, the detective officer, to whom the warrant for Mr. Hill's apprehension had been entrusted, induced Mrs. Hill to act as a *decoy* in drawing her husband over to England. The trap succeeded remarkably well, for Mr. Hill had no sooner made his appearance at the house of his wife, Trinity-square, Borough, London, when he was at once laid hold of by the minions of the law, and taken to durance vile in Rugby jail, Warwickshire.

On Monday, September 16, Mr. Richard Guinness Hill was brought up before the magistrate at Rugby, charged with having "unlawfully and wilfully made, or caused to be made, to one William Herbert, then being registrar of births of and for the district of Rugby, for the purpose of being inserted on the register of births in the said district, certain false statements touching the particulars of the statute made and passed in the 6th and 7th years of the reign of his late Majesty King William IV., intitled 'An Act for Registering Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England,' required to be made known and registered of and concerning a male infant, born of the body of one Amy Georgina Hill, by the said Richard Guinness Hill, her husband, in the district of Rugby aforesaid, on the 5th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1859." The charge was substantiated by numerous witnesses, who gave their evidence on the 16th, the 21st, and the 25th of September, and on the last-named day the magistrates determined on sending the prisoner to trial, at the forthcoming Warwickshire assizes. Before doing so, Mr. Hill's counsel made an eloquent appeal in his behalf, endeavouring to throw the guilt of the child's concealment on the prisoner's wife, and insinuating that she had been compelled to do so "to conceal the desecration of the nuptial couch." The appeal, though having no effect on the decision of the magistrates, appeared to make some impression on the public mind, while the conduct of Mrs. Hill, throughout the whole affair, has been canvassed very freely, and is generally considered, to use the mildest term, *very strange*. Few can understand how a mother could send her new-born infant to a distant place in the charge of a mere child, without having some extraordinary reasons for doing so; and fewer still comprehend how she could have remained quiet for nearly two years without seeking the traces of her lost child.



INTERIOR OF THE COURT HOUSE, RUGBY, DURING THE EXAMINATION OF MR. HILL.



## LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

## CHAPTER I.

RAVELIN CASTLE was one of those old ancestral homes of England, about which legends cling as closely as the ivy which covers their walls. Tales were told amongst the peasantry of the district, and which were as religiously believed, of the ghosts' walk, of the death moan, and, more especially, of Sir Reginald's picture. The simple people who spread these legends would look at the building in full daylight with a kind of awe upon them, while in the evening they would never pass it singly; and when a group of peasantry had to pass the building after the night was come, they would walk close together and they spoke little while the dim outline of the building could be traced against the dark sky.

The Harcourths of Ravelin dated from the time of William of Normandy. They had always been proud, yet gentle, while their misfortunes, which seemed to be positively hereditary, had been the fireside talk of the people on the estate through hundreds of years.

At the date of our story, a few years since, the last Sir Reginald Harcourth had passed away. The title, after living seven hundred years, was dead. The awe inspired by Sir Reginald's death had spread far beyond the neighbourhood in which Castle Ravelin stood, for it had been preceded by one of the warnings which the populace believed were ever attached to this family.

The warning, according to the popular whisper, ran to the effect that the picture of Sir Hamilton Harcourth, who had lived in the sixteenth century, had once more bled at the breast.

The last of the baronets had ever avoided answering any reference to this mysterious subject, but it was perfectly well known to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood that the services of an eminent chemist had been put in requisition to analyse the mystery, and that he failed in satisfactorily explaining it away.

This portrait was that of Sir Hamilton, who had been assassinated in his own hall. The murderer had never been discovered, and it was from the date of his death that the legend took its rise, that when a great misfortune was about to overtake the family, the breast of the portrait of Sir Hamilton would certainly bleed.

It was an unquestioned fact that at various times a singular exudation had been found clinging to the breast of this portrait. It had not certainly the appearance of blood, indeed rather bore a similarity to thickened red wine, yet it had baffled the tests applied to it by an eminent chemist, whose services the last Sir Reginald obtained upon the discovery that the old family portrait had once more exuded this singular secretion.

The great chemist who examined this substance, and the picture on which it was found encrusted, stated in his matter-of-fact report that he found the picture (which was painted by Vandyke) had a straight short crack on the right breast, and that there thence issued the substance which had on many occasions created much alarm in the family. The great chemist explained that the crack in the portrait would account for the exudation at that point, and he then proceeded to report upon his analysis of the exuded substance itself. He admitted the component parts of this red deposit baffled his skill. But, he added, that as a practical chemist he assured Sir Reginald

this exudation could only be some portion of the substances used in painted portraits, which, under the influence of certain states of the atmosphere, became possessed of the quality of attracting the moisture of the air, which, acting as a solvent upon these substances, the exudation commenced, and continued till a sufficient quantity was accumulated to attract attention.

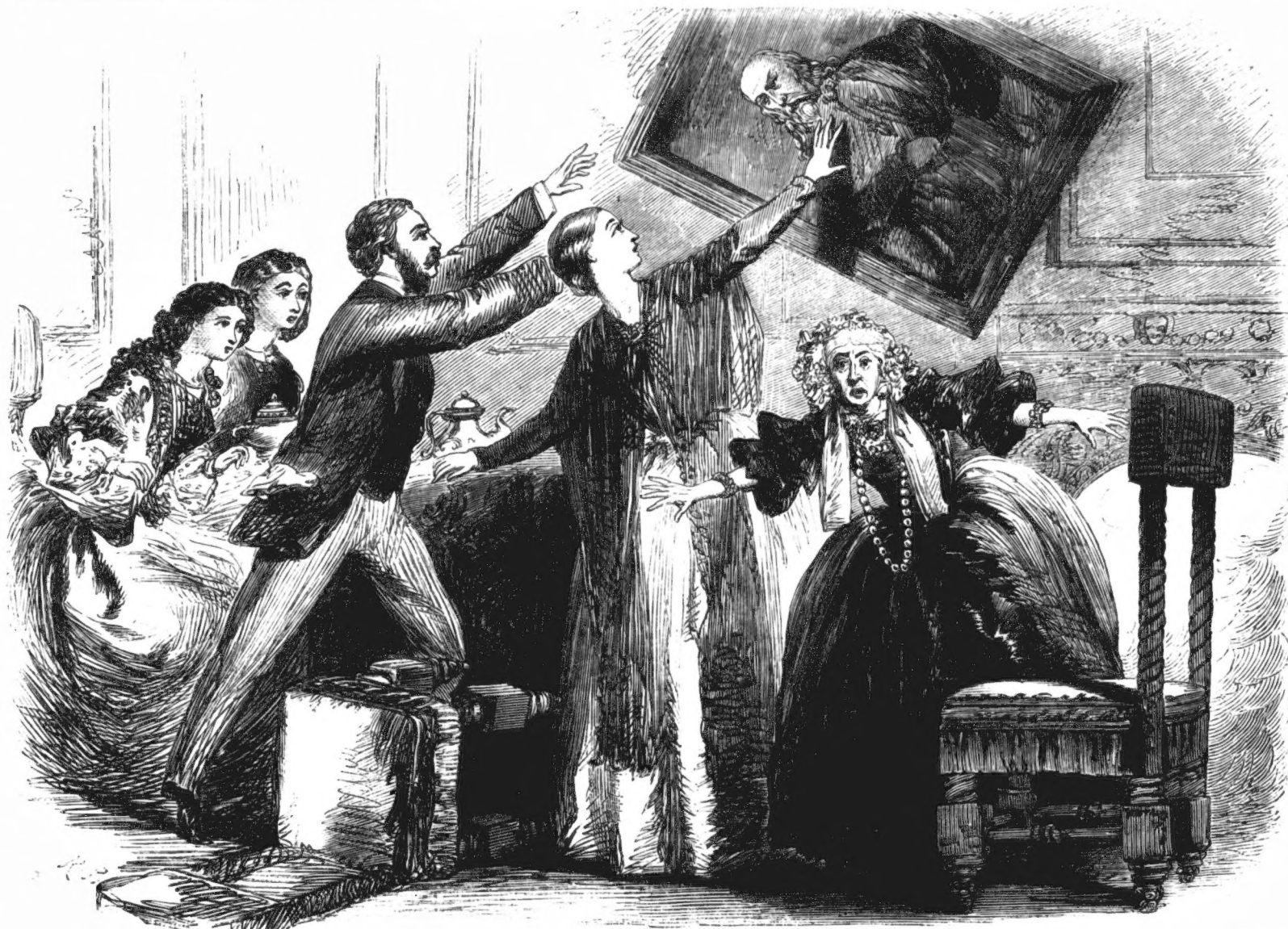
At the time at which our tale commences, Ravelin Castle was in the possession of Lady Falconridge, the widow of Lord George Falconridge, and daughter of Sir Reginald Harcourth, the last male descendant of his race.

Lady Falconridge had been a widow during many years, which she had passed in extreme retirement, and in devoting herself to the education of her only child and daughter, Constance.

Lady Falconridge had left her father's home to become the wife of Lord George Falconridge, the brother of the Earl of Falconridge, who was a widower at the time of his brother's marriage.

The Earl of Falconridge and Lord George, his brother, dying, the title passed to a distant branch of the family. The earl, in dying, confided the guardianship of his daughter, the Lady Elfrida, to his brother's sister, Lady Falconridge, but provided that the young lady, then aged about seven, should be kept at the conventual school in Paris, at which she was being educated, till she should be fourteen, when she was to decide between remaining at this school till she was twenty-one, and taking up her residence with her aunt at Ravelin Castle.

Years passed away, and Elfrida being fourteen, Lady Falconridge wrote to her niece, inquiring whether she would return to



England or remain in France? An answer was rapidly returned. It contained few words; but they said much. "Madam," wrote Elfrida, "I prefer a French prison to an English one—leave me where I am; and make no more inquiries till you hear from me."

Lady Falconridge, uneasy at such a reply, took measures to assure herself that Elfrida had acted of her own free will; but she found her exertions impeded, and fatally arrested, by the conditions of the late earl's will, and she, therefore, determined upon remaining silent till her niece was of age.

Years rolled away, and the day arrived on which the late earl's daughter, Elfrida, was no longer a minor.

It was even-time, and the family of the castle were assembled in the old drawing-room of the castle; into which room the fatal portrait of Sir Hamilton had been moved many years before.

The family consisted only of Lady Falconridge, her daughter Constance, and Miss Priscilla Harcourth, a maiden lady and distant relative. To these personages may be added Sir Harold Anwolt, the destined husband of Lady Falconridge's only daughter.

Lady Falconridge was a noble-looking lady, who had seen about fifty summers. Her face was dignified, but kind; while a scrutinising observer might have noticed something very like weakness in the pliant mouth and frequent hesitating look. Her face wore an habitual look of melancholy.

Her daughter Constance possessed a combination of beauties which is very rarely seen. Her hair was of that deep, brilliant, soft black, which really seems to have blue shadows in it; while her skin was of that lustrous white which, while it is as unlike

marble in colour as flesh is ever found to be in common reality, still reminds the beholder of a pure Greek statue. The eyes were of that searching, yet peaceful blue which seem to soften the heart of the spectator, and to tell him that earth is not so far away from heaven as many hard-preaching men would have us believe.

Brought up in great, yet not strict retirement, Constance Falconridge possessed a purity, yet far from an insipidity of countenance, which did not awe the spectator into an etherealism, such as may be caused by the contemplation of a Raffaele Virgin, and yet left him a better being for having looked upon it.

Sir Harold Anwolt, the third occupant of the great drawing-room of Ravelin Castle, was apparently about twenty-five years of age. He was singularly fair, though by no means effeminate.

The fourth occupant of the drawing-room, Miss Priscilla Harcourth, may be dismissed in very few words. She was a little wizened woman, with few or none of the attributes of the good family to which she belonged; and whose only end in life was the feeble endeavour to make herself of importance to everybody she could conveniently attempt to talk into a belief in her own grandeur. The main foundation upon which she built up her own importance was a quantity of diamonds which she aired on all possible, and, indeed, impossible occasions. She had come to Ravelin Castle for a month, and had never left it for a day, except to accompany the family, throughout twenty years.

It was clear by the expression on the elder lady's face, and the rapt, eager gaze of Constance and Harold, that some important topic of conversation had been brought forward.

The silence had continued some minutes, during which Constance had softly drawn the silken ears of an Italian greyhound between her fingers, when Lady Falconridge once more spoke—

"No! I have never seen Elfrida; you ask, Constance, what she is like? You know as much of her as I do. I am told she is beautiful; in what style, I am as ignorant as yourself."

"Have you never sought to see her?"

"I have never passed through Paris without making it my duty to call at the Ursulines Convent; and, desiring to see her, I have never succeeded. It has been said she has always refused to see me, and that she was perfectly at liberty to do so."

"You will not have to wonder long, Constance, if she comes to her time?" said Lady Falconridge, smiling. Then she added, after a few moments' pause, and rather as though thinking aloud, than addressing those who were present; "Certainly her father was an odd man, and his will was never equalled, I believe. It is scarcely credible that an English lord could decide that his daughter should be brought up amongst strangers in a foreign land, and that her relatives should only see her dependent upon her desire to communicate with them."

"But, mamma, you are not perhaps aware of all the circumstances of the affair," urged Constance.

"My dear," returned Lady Falconridge; "there can be little doubt of this—that your cousin Elfy is not like most young people of her age. I ask you, can you imagine a more wondrous letter, to be written by a young person, than that which we have received?"



"It is positively mystic," said Constance, a look of curiosity and wonder overspreading her face; and putting her hand into a little workbasket, she took from it a letter. "The very colour of the paper is odd," said the young lady. "This dead drab powdered with minute black spots could only have come from a convent; wherever could such paper have been made? O, mamma, I must read it once more," and, without another word, the young lady commenced reading the singular-looking letter.

"Madam,—By my father's will, I am permitted, being of age, to choose to remain here, or to join you in England; I prefer the latter, and will be with you on the night of the seventh. If, when we see each other, we conceive a mutual aversion—if only one of us should feel ill at ease, I promise to fall away from your house.—ELFRIDA FALCONRIDGE."

"Fall away from your house," said Lady Falconridge; "did you ever hear such an expression! it almost implies either that it might contain the plague itself, or that she might bring it with her."

"It certainly is a most extraordinary letter," Sir Harold added; "and on my word I never felt an evening pass so slowly."

"Oh," cried Constance, gaily; "since we are all wondering what my cousin is like, let each of us put on paper our idea of Elfrida, and compare notes!"

Lady Falconridge smiled, and shook her head; then, as usual, gave way to her daughter's whim.

A few minutes were spent in writing, and then the imaginary descriptions and characters were compared.

It was strange, yet true—they generally agreed in supposing Elfrida to be a calm, retired-looking, reserved, nun-like creature.

The party about the table were still wondering at the coincidence, all except Priscilla, who had fallen asleep with an eye on each of her bracelets, when an unceremonious servant entered the room crying—"Oh my lady—my lady, we've found key of post bag."

"Give it me, John," said Constance, and took the key from him.

The castle post bag, which was carried down to the post office each morning, had a lock, opened by two duplicate keys, one of which was kept by the post-mistress of Ravelin, the other by Lady Falconridge. On that morning, however, the key was not to be found. Discovered at last, and the bag opened, it was found to contain a foreign letter of extreme smallness, and so thin that it bent with its own infinitesimal weight as Constance lifted it from its resting place.

"A foreign letter—mamma," she said.

"Indeed," said Lady Falconridge, motioning to the footman to leave the room; "then it must be from Elfrida!—open and read it."

The girl eagerly broke the seal, and then said—"Mamma, it is in French." Then she continued—"I will read it in English—listen—'Lady, the most beautiful serpents are the deadliest. He best guards his house who bars it from strangers. A friend—as the world goes.'"

The astonishment the reading of this short, emphatic letter created amongst the little party was so great that, for a few moments after Constance had completed its perusal, the room remained in utter silence.

"It is as mysterious as the Castle of Udolpho," said Sir Harold, taking the letter from Constance and examining it. "Pah!" he continued, "what a powerful and sickly smell it has—it seems to induce sleep."

As the Baronet spoke the entire party started at the noise of a carriage entering the quadrangle of the castle.

"She has come," said Lady Falconridge; "I feel sure. Follow me—our conjectures will soon be set at rest."

She rose and left the room, accompanied by Harold and Constance. Reaching the hall, the great door of which was thrown open, Lady Falconridge and her companions moved towards the carriage, in order to welcome the new comer; but before they reached the threshold of Ravelin Castle, the visitor had stepped quickly from the carriage and had entered the building.

In a moment all the ideas preconceived by Lady Falconridge, Constance, and Sir Harold were scattered to the wind. Instead of a timid, shrinking, nun-like girl, a perfect lady, assured of her power, advanced towards them with outstretched hand and gravely smiling face.

"Lady Falconridge, I am sure," said the new comer.

"You are Elfrida Falconridge," said the lady of the house, taking the hand held out to her; and yet feeling, even at that early moment, that she was speaking to the new arrival rather as a woman of her own age than of her daughter's.

"Yes," said the perfectly-possessed lady, whose tones and manner were those of a queen of society; "I know you by your resemblance to the engraved portrait of Sir Hamilton Harcourt, your ancestor, whose story I have heard. What a lovely place," she added rapidly, as she cast a quick glance around her.

"Let me give you my daughter's hand," said Lady Falconridge, turning to Constance; "you and she will become sisters, I am sure."

"I am also quite sure," the new comer answered.

"Lady Elfrida," the Lady of Ravelin continued; "this is Sir Harold Anwold."

Elfrida seemed to pierce the baronet with the momentary glance she cast upon him.

"Come," said Lady Falconridge, taking the stranger's hand and leading her towards the great staircase.

"How beautiful this place is," Elfrida said, and in a quite involuntary manner, as though she had uttered the words utterly without deliberation. The next moment she seemed to bethink herself. "Pardon me," she said, "I have spoken of Ravelin twice already; you will imagine I have thought more of the castle than of you, will you not?"

"No," answered Lady Falconridge, who actually felt surprised at the awkwardness of her own reply.

They ascended the staircase, and, in doing so, Sir Harold could not help remarking that this young novice, just emancipated from a convent, moved with more polished ease and self-assurance than Lady Falconridge herself.

"That is Sir Hamilton," said the young stranger, as they entered the drawing-room, and looking at the portrait over the fire-place.

"Yes," said Lady Falconridge. "You seem strangely moved by that picture."

"Yes," Elfrida returned, and with extreme ease took the seat Sir Harold offered her.

"You will go to your room at once, Lady Elfrida, I may suppose—will you not?" asked Lady Falconridge, on reaching the drawing-room.

"By no means, if Sir Harold will pardon me for taking off my bonnet here," she returned, smiling.

"I trust soon to be at home," continued Elfrida, as she took off her travelling cloak. Having done so, she appeared as exquisitely dressed as though she had just left her room. To look upon her no one could have supposed she had, within the past two minutes, ended a journey of some hundreds of miles.

As Lady Elfrida sat in the great drawing-room of Ravelin Castle she presented a singular contrast with Constance.

She belonged to that order of beautiful women whom it is impossible to describe. Her features were of the Greek type, yet eminently un-Grecian. Each feature was fairly beautiful; but combined they formed a superlative whole. Then again, the complexion cannot be described: its shadows were those of clouded mother-of-pearl; there was an ethereal appearance on the face which a painter of the highest genius would have felt in a moment was beyond his power. Then again, the eyes were opaline, yet as soft as the touch of a butterfly's wing. Her hair was of the colour of the dead Christ's beard in Da Vinci's wondrous picture—neither chestnut nor auburn, but of a colour which is beyond a name. But the great wonder of her beauty was the blue veins meandering in all directions just below the skin. They swept in the softest lines along the temples; they could be followed along the course of the neck; and thence they spread out in an exquisite network over the virginal neck and breast. They could be seen under the delicate lace which covered her neck, seeming to give faint fleeting lines of azure to the webwork. Her hands were exquisitely small, and again, throughout these members the soft veins were to be seen; thin as lines, and of a deep, yet faint blue.

Her dress was wonderful. It was of silk, of the dearest grey imaginable. Not a ray of light was reflected. It was made as plainly as the dress of a nun. No ornament was to be seen on it—no ornament decorated her hair—no ring was upon any finger; but beneath the lace which stretched from the low neck of the dress, high up on the throat, sparkled a circle of diamonds—magnificent in themselves—still more magnificent when contrasted with the utter plainness of the entire dress.

Such was the personal appearance of Lady Elfrida Falconridge—an appearance wondrous, attractive, yet singularly unusual in so young a creature.

"I really think," returned Lady Falconridge; "that quiet as we are here, it is less monotonous than a Paris convent."

"Oh, we were horribly dull at the Ursulines. I dare say you wonder why I preferred to remain there. I will tell you some day, aunt. We saw no one—we went nowhere. The four walls of the convent bounded our world, whose inhabitants were ourselves alone—its monotony was almost that of death."

"And yet you preferred it to coming home?"

A kind of hesitation passed over Elfrida's face, and then vanished.

Here Madame Priscilla, who had been sleeping for the last two hours on a soft sofa, awoke with a start, and, covered with confusion, which she battled against as, with a heavy and suffocating garment, she was introduced to Elfrida.

The "madam," as she was called in the castle, was not long in espying Elfrida's diamonds; nor could she refrain from speaking of them, and then, by a natural sequence, referring to her own jewels.

As calmly as though about to utter a prayer, Elfrida looked up and said, "I assure you, you have not a diamond about you that can be seen!"

The "madam" seemed perfectly astounded.

"My dear," said Lady Falconridge; "Miss Harcourt's diamonds are a tradition."

"And only a tradition, aunt," returned Elfrida, smiling. "I must—I must at all times speak the truth, and oppose all kinds of shams. I assure you, Miss Harcourt, that you have not a diamond in my sight?"

"Your ladyship is a jeweller, I presume," said the madam, with some dignity.

With perfect calmness Elfrida replied, "I have a complete set of every known kind of jewel; I have nearly exhausted my fortune in precious stones, they are the passion of my life; I know them, and their value as well as any jeweller living. I assure you, Miss Harcourt, you have not a diamond about you. Forgive my rudeness." As she spoke she moved to the fireplace, and stood beneath the portrait a moment, and the party was alarmed by a most untoward circumstance.

The portrait of Sir Hamilton Harcourt fell from the fastening whence it had hung for many years and toppled upon the guest.

She put out her hands to save herself, and the canvas fell against them. The next minute the baronet had caught the picture and placed it against the wall of the room.

"You are not hurt?" he asked.

"No—not at all," she returned calmly.

"Indeed, Elfrida, you are," said Lady Falconridge, "look at your hand."

Lady Elfrida did. Her right hand was covered apparently with blood.

With a gesture of horror she crushed her handkerchief upon the crimsoned flesh, and wiped it hurriedly, then removed the white linen and looked to find the wound.

There was none, and the force with which she swept the apparent blood away, had left the white and blue-veined skin almost stainless.

#### CHAPTER II.

It has been said that, notwithstanding the extreme ease with which Elfrida met her aunt and the other members of the family, a kind of awkward reserve spread over the little group, the cause of which each was unable to discover.

A few days blotted this inexplicable hesitation from the memory of the family into which Lady Elfrida had entered. It is true that the peculiar hesitation, nay, even mysterious dread which had apparently spread themselves through the family almost simultaneously with Elfrida's arrival, were still experienced at intervals, but their duration was as momentary as lightning.

Lady Falconridge and Constance felt that Elfrida had at once taken the position she would always maintain at Ravelin while she remained in the castle. This position was one of extreme frankness and desire to please; but in which very little demonstrative love was to be found. She cared for none of that display of fondling affection in which most young people of her age delight. She would admire Constance's hair, and smoothen it; but she never kissed her cousin. She would speak rapturously of wood or waterfall, till she moved her aunt or cousin almost to tears—she, herself, was emotionless. She never

laughed—never frowned—never wept during the whole three weeks which passed between her arrival and the night of the ball given in honour of her joining the family.

Lady Falconridge was eminently charitable, and paid regular visits, not only to her own people, as she called the tenants and labourers on her estate, but extended her watchfulness far beyond the limits of Ravelin.

One of these visits occurred about ten days after Elfrida's arrival, and the young lady accompanied her aunt and cousin on their "round," as they called it. The ladies were amazed with Elfrida's behaviour. She positively attracted the poor people to whom she spoke. She asked questions which Lady Falconridge herself would have hesitated to put, and yet in such a manner that the cottagers could not take offence, and seemed forced to answer.

The girl's suggestions were wonderful. She saw wants unsupplied which had even escaped Lady Falconridge's eyes; she threw out advice to the people the party visited, so plainly and yet so caudally that the cottage people accepted these hints with a belief they had never experienced before. The girl had provided herself with a little pencil and note-book, and all the morning long she was making short entries in this book; not before the people to whom they referred, but during the drive from one place to another.

Lady Falconridge was radiant with the pleasure she felt in witnessing Elfrida's good work.

As the afternoon was creeping on the day's work came to an end, and Lady Falconridge gave the word "home."

"Thank heaven, that is over," said Elfrida, flinging the little note-book down upon the unoccupied seat of the carriage; "I am weary, and disgusted to death."

"My dear Elfrida!" said her aunt.

"I am, aunt; it is purgatory to go into those horrible homes and see those horrible people."

Lady Falconridge was unable to reply. The girl had apparently so interested herself in the noblest work in which an English lady can employ herself, the unpatronising amelioration of the poor, that her amazement at Elfrida's words for some moments deprived her of speech.

As she spoke the carriage drove into the quadrangle of the castle. Upon alighting Lady Falconridge was met by the madam, who was in high feather. She was arranging her little bobbins of ribbons and tuckers of lace in a most gingerly and self-captivating manner.

"A most extraordinary arrival, my lady; hem!"

"What arrival, Priscilla?"

"A gentleman, Lady Falconridge," continued Priscilla; "with a smile as ghastly as that of a jocular skull, requests permission to copy your Raffaele—the *Vierge aux cheveux long*," continued the madam, smoothing her own spinstral hair.

"Where is he?"

"In the blue morning-room, my lady; a most charming man; hem!"

Telling the young ladies to go to the drawing-room, Lady Falconridge followed the madam, who led the way to the blue morning-room, with the air of being the sole proprietor of the "charming young man."

A few minutes had passed when Lady Falconridge joined her daughter and niece.

"He is a painter," she said; "and I think a foreign one. He requests permission to copy the Raffaele, and I have agreed to let him do so—I trust not to pass it off as the real picture; he is lodging at the inn at Ravelin."

The next morning the madam was the first to receive the news that the young painter was in the picture gallery at work on the canvas.

The madam commenced a watch, and brought bulletins of his progress. Priscilla's enthusiasm rose as the sun declined, and she did not ask Lady Falconridge's permission—not that it was needed—to request the unknown painter to take some refreshment before he left the castle and proceeded on his long walk through Ravelin woods to the inn.

Madam assisted at this kindly-intended meal, for she was a good-hearted little woman enough, though as vain as her so-called diamonds were bright; and after the painter was gone she had a larger budget of news than ever to tell the family. He was a more charming man than before, it was quite clear. "He had asked after the family," she continued, "minutely; and yet I assure you, Lady Falconridge, with such perfect breeding, that it was impossible to feel hurt, much less outraged, and I trust, Lady Falconridge, I know the proprieties perfectly."

The curiosity naturally induced by talking of the young painter, who had given the name of Herman, led to a desire to see his work; and, pioneered by the madam, the inquisitive little party took its way to the picture gallery.

With the air of having done the entire work herself, Priscilla turned the painting from the wall.

Elfrida looked at the canvas minutely. "That man is a true artist," she said, in a hard, admiring tone.

The madam, apparently jealous of the minute scrutiny the younger lady had bestowed upon the work, also peered at it narrowly, and then cried, "See, here are some letters."

She was pointing to a monogram, sketched with a rapid hand upon an unoccupied portion of the canvas.

Elfrida looked at the figure, then evidently trembled.

"Elfrida! what ails you?" asked Lady Falconridge.

"Nothing much, aunt—the air is cold."

"Oh! I can make out the letters," continued the madam. "There's an *a*, and a *d*, and another *a*, what can they mean? Ha! I have it." "It means *Ada*."

(To be continued.)

A SECRET.—A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Shure when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

Too DEAR.—A shop in Fleet-street, was broken open one night, but strange to say nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbour; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbour; "they found your goods were marked up so high that they could not afford to take them."



## LAW AND POLICE.

**A GENTLEMANLY SWINDLER.**—At the Middlesex Sessions, on Tuesday, *Thomas Lewis*, aged 31, described as an agent, was indicted for stealing three coats, the property of various persons. He pleaded guilty. It was intimated to the Court that the prisoner, who had the appearance of a gentleman, was a well-known swindler, and had been convicted before in the name of Law, his real one. Some years since, it was stated, he used to swindle the public, by undertaking to provide apprentices for persons who advertised for them, and situations for youths for whom parents and guardians advertised for employment. On one occasion he was sentenced to nine months for one of these frauds, when Inspector Brennan produced hundreds of letters from persons whom he had defrauded. He had only recently been discharged from Coldbath-fields Prison. The Assistant-Judge said he could respite the sentence until next session. It appeared from the depositions that the prisoner, who was evidently a person of very plausible manners, had availed himself of his appearance, to frequent places, hotels or taverns, to which gentlemen resorted for refreshment or amusement, for the purpose of stealing anything he could lay hands upon. In one of these cases it appeared that he went to the Opera Hotel, Bow-street, and while some gentlemen were playing at billiards he took one of their coats from a peg on which it was hanging, and substituted one of a very inferior description. There were other charges against him, and, as it was stated that he was known, inquiries would be made. He would, therefore, be remanded for judgment until next session. It was stated that the prisoner used to issue his swindling circulars from Westmoreland-place, City-road. The other two thefts charged against him were committed, one at the billiard-rooms, 315, Oxford-street, which was proved against him by a Crystal Palace ticket, which was in the coat pocket when it was stolen, being found upon him when he was taken on the first charge; the other at the Seymour Arms, Seymour-street, Easton-square.

**TRADE FRAUDS.**—A charge of conspiracy to defraud was examined before the Manchester city police magistrates on Tuesday. The case is of some importance, and a good deal of interest was manifested in it. The prisoners, of whom there were three, were named Fishwick, John Fishwick—the prime mover in the affair, William Fishwick, son, his father, and William Fishwick, jun., his brother. The *modus operandi*, as detailed by the counsel for the prosecution, was this: John Fishwick had one place of business in Cannon-street, Manchester, where he carried on his usual occupation; whilst in Bank-buildings he took an office ostensibly for an uncle of the name of Howarth, whom he represented as a man of property and a manufacturer; and in this office Fishwick's father and brother were located. Goods were bought or ordered wherever they could be got, by John Fishwick, for Howarth and Co., and a considerable trade was carried on in this way. The examination was adjourned for a week.

**A GREEN COUNTRY COUSIN.**—At the Middlesex Sessions, on Monday, William Graves, aged 56, was indicted for unlawfully conspiring, together with Edward Doyle and Thomas Graves, to obtain, on false pretences, from James Eadon, £2, with intent to cheat and defraud him of the same.—The prosecutor stated that he was a grocer, living at Harfield, in Sussex. On the 28th of May he was standing on London-bridge, looking at the river, and while there the prisoner Doyle came up and entered into conversation with him. Witness asked him to go to a public-house in Eastcheap to take a pipe with him, to which Doyle assented; but they had not been long there when they were joined by an "old gentleman," who produced from his pocket what appeared to be a bundle of bank-notes, at the same moment dropping a sovereign on the floor. The "old gentleman" then said to Doyle, "I'll bet you three bottles of wine and three dozen of cigars that I'll hit the target 17 times out of 21." Doyle said he could bet him, and it was eventually agreed that they should go to St. puey-green to shoot, that place being suggested by the "old gentleman." Having got to the place, the Mulberry Tree Tavern, Graves went out, and returned in two or three minutes, stating that the target ground was engaged for an hour. It was then suggested that they should play a game at "clapping," and asked witness to bet three sovereigns on the game. The game ended, as may be expected, with the poor country cousin being stripped of all his money. The "old gentleman," who turned out to be Graves, at the time made his escape, but was subsequently apprehended.—The jury having found him guilty, he was sentenced to be kept to hard labour for two years.

**"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."**—On Tuesday, Mr. Brent, deputy coroner for West Middlesex, held an inquest at the Elephant and Castle, King's-road, Camden Town, on the body of Elizabeth Pearson, aged 35, which was found in the Regent's Canal, under somewhat mysterious circumstances. The body was identified by a sister of the deceased, residing in Little Pratt-street, Camden Town, who stated that her sister was a general servant at No. 20, Camden-street. She last saw her alive on the night

of last Thursday week, when she complained of being ill, which she had done for some time past, causing her to express her fears that she would thereby be reduced to poverty. It came to the knowledge of the jury that the lock-keeper had found a bonnet by the locks on the morning deceased was missed, and had kept it in his custody without mentioning the circumstance to any one until Saturday last, when it was identified as belonging to the deceased. Had he informed the police the body would have been sought for, and the anxiety of the friends relieved. The deputy coroner having referred to the evidence, the jury delivered the following open verdict: "That the deceased met her death by drowning, but how she came into the water there was no evidence to show. They further wished to censure the lock-keeper for his conduct; for had he performed his duty some anxiety would have been spared the friends, and they (the jury) would not have had their feelings harrowed by viewing a body which was past identification." The deputy coroner said they could not append that censure to their verdict, as it had nothing to do with the death; but he was of opinion that the lock-keeper had been guilty of gross neglect.

**A FATHER MURDERED BY HIS SON.**—On Saturday an inquest was held at Liphook, Hants, before Mr. Edward Hoskins, one of the coroners for the county, on the body of William Trussler, a sawyer, residing at Cornford, in the parish of Bramshot, whose death had resulted through injuries inflicted by his son, George Trussler, who was in the employ of his father. From the evidence it appeared that George Trussler went to work about 7 o'clock on Thursday morning, when the deceased upbraided him for being so late, telling him he ought to have done half a day's work. This remark seemed to put the son in a great passion, and he took up an oven-peel lying on the bank which formed the fence in front of deceased's cottage, and ran towards deceased, and struck him a blow behind the left ear with the blade of the peel. George Trussler held the peel in both hands, and the blow was a severe one. Deceased fell to the ground, and blood immediately flowed from his mouth and nostrils. In falling, deceased struck his head against a flat paving-stone. Mr. Vaughan, surgeon, of Bramshot, was sent for. He found a wound behind deceased's left ear about an inch and a quarter in length, from which blood was oozing. Deceased never recovered consciousness, and died in about twelve hours after the blow had been struck. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against George Trussler," who stands committed to take his trial at the next Winchester assizes.

**POVERTY A CRIME.**—On Monday three girls, whose tongues betrayed them to be of cockney birth, were brought before the Rev. T. Brooke, at Nantwich police-station, charged with being found without having any visible means of subsistence. The girls gave their names as Eliza Brown, Emily Stanley, and Maria Hattams, and said that they were all three factory hands. They had last worked for a Mr. Taylor, at Birmingham; but had been on the tramp for several weeks, and were now making their way to Manchester to try to get work there. They passed through Nantwich late on Sunday night, and being fatigued, and not having money to purchase lodgings (they had only 7d. among the three of them) they lay down on a door step in Mill-street, where they were found fast asleep by an officer. They were each sent to gaol for twenty-one days by the Reverend magistrate.

**ASSAULT ON A YOUNG GIRL.**—On Saturday the county magistrates at the Shire-hall, Gloucester, proceeded with the examination of seven lads, charged with a most brutal and outrageous assault on a young girl named Doreen Davis, about eighteen years of age. The court was densely crowded, the case having excited a great sensation in the neighbourhood, owing to its atrocious and filthy character. It appeared that the girl had been all day at the Mop fair, at Gloucester, on Monday last, in company with Rosanna Tombs and H. Hopkinson. In returning home about eleven o'clock from the fair, about a dozen men and boys overtook them. They threw her down, and behaved in a most disgusting manner towards her. The details are quite unfit for publication. After receiving considerable injuries, she was at length able to escape from them. It was proved by the surgeon who examined her that she had been much injured, and that the capital offence had been committed. The prisoners were committed for trial.

**GOING INTO BUSINESS.**—On Monday, a man named John Rhodes, was summoned to Guildhall Court, in answer to a charge of unlawfully obtaining the sum of 50*l.* from Mrs. Catherine Lewis, a soldier's widow, by means of false pretences, and with intent to cheat and defraud her thereof. Mrs. Lewis, being desirous of employing her little capital, so as to obtain a living, answered an advertisement, offering a coffee and eating-house business for sale, and subsequently applied to Messrs. Bingham and Holland, of 101, Lundenhall-street, auctioneers and general business agents, where she was informed, by Bingham that the defendant, who was in the occupation of the house, was doing a business of 14*l.* per week, out of which he was able to save 2*l.*,

besides other profits, after paying all expenses. The price required for the valuation of the stock was 50*l.*, and after inquiries and negotiations about the business, she paid that sum, and took possession, Messrs. Bingham and Holland charging her 5*l.* 10*s.* commission, although they were agents for the defendant. The defendant assisted in the business the first day, and, acting under his advice, she laid out 12*l.* in bedding and other necessities, and about 10*l.* more for the first week's provisions; but so far from doing a first-class business, her takings on the first day were only 7*s.*, and for the whole week no more than 19*s.* 4*d.*, instead of the 14*l.*, as represented by the defendant and by Bingham and Holland. She also found that the furniture was not worth 5*l.*, instead of being worth 60*l.* The tea and coffee branch of the business the defendant said was immense, whereas she had only taken 9*d.* for tea and coffee since she had been in the business. She had spent all her money, amounting to about 80*l.*, and had nothing in return but the shop without a business. The defendant was ordered to find two sureties in 10*l.* each, and himself in 40*l.*, to appear on a future day.

**A VOLUNTEER THIEF-CATCHER.**—On Monday *R. Bradley*, was brought before the Thames Police magistrate, charged with stealing a cheese weighing 28*lbs.*, and valued at 17*s.*, from a cart belonging to G. J. Harvey and Co., wholesale cheesemongers and buttermen. In evidence, George Beasley, a carman in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company, said that on Saturday evening he was proceeding westward with his van, containing 3 tons 15 cwt. of goods, when, on reaching Bow Church, he saw a cart and horse proceeding eastward. The prisoner followed the cart, and took from the tail of it a large cheese, with which he started off at full speed down a side street. He stopped his horses, and said to his companion, "I'll have that follow." He pursued the prisoner, and soon came up with him, with the cheese in his possession. To make sure of the prisoner, he said to him, "Read this direction for me; is it right?" and put a piece of paper before him. While the prisoner was looking at him, he said, "You are the man that stole the cheese," seized him by the collar, and conveyed him to the station-house. Samuel Holland, servant to George James Harvey and Co., identified the cheese, which was stolen from his master's cart in the Bow-road. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The magistrate said the witness Beasley had acted most creditably and discreetly, and would make an excellent police officer. He should award Beasley 5*s.* for his good conduct. He sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned for six months and kept to hard labour.

**SHOCKING CHARGE OF ABORTION.**—On Tuesday evening Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, and a jury, assembled at the Lord Wellington public-house, Three Colt-lane, Cambridge-road, Bethnal-green, respecting the death of Eliza Garrett, aged thirty-four years, who, it was alleged, had died from injuries caused by a medical gentleman named Benjamin Vale, of 6, Henry-street, Limehouse-fields. The evidence was of a very painful character, and went to show that instruments had been used on the deceased with a view to procure abortion. Her husband was examined at considerable length, and admitted that he was aware of the practice to which his wife had resorted. The surgeon whose conduct was called in question was a Mr. Vale. William Page, a lodger, stated that the deceased told him that she had been to Mr. Vale, through the interference of her husband. The jury unanimously agreed to a verdict of wilful murder against Benjamin Vale and Wm. Garrett for killing and slaying Eliza Garrett. They were committed to Newgate.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

(Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Managers.)  
WILFOPEN for the SEVENTH OPERA SEASON on Monday, Oct. 21.  
Soprano—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Threlwell, and Madame Guernelli (her first appearance on the English stage).  
Contralto—Miss Schuyler, Miss Taylor, and Miss Jessie McLean (her first appearance on the English stage).  
Bass—Messrs. Mr. Santley, Mr. Henry Corri, Mr. Patey, Mr. Theodore Dittin, Mr. Eugene Jussek, Mr. T. Wallworth, and Mr. George Honey.  
Tenors—Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. A. St. Alban, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mr. W. Harrison.  
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.  
Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have much pleasure in submitting the following list of new works, for the production of which they have entered into definitive arrangements with the composer and authors whose names are subjoined, viz.:—*King of the Airs*, an opera, by Rossini and Glover, which will be presented on the opening night, October 21; *The Toyman*, an opera, by George Linley (which will be produced on Tuesday, October 22); *Joan of Arc*, by John Oxenford and Macfarren; an opera by J. V. Brindley and M. W. Balfe; an opera by J. Macdonald; *Montezuma*, a romantic opera by John Oxenford; *Dion Boucicault*, an opera by J. R. Planché and J. F. Ward; *La Fanciulla del Teatro*, an opera by John Oxenford and Macfarren; *La Fanciulla del Teatro*, a new opera, by H. F. Corry and Gounod; in addition to the well-known and extensive repertoire of this establishment, including the *Re of the Castle*, *Satanstoe*, *Bianca*, *Victorine*, *Helen*, *Lurline*, *The Black Knight*, *Crown Diamonds*, *Marianna*, &c. Principal Lancers—Miss Lamoureux. Principal Scenic Artist—Mr. W. Calcott. Ballet Master—Mr. W. H. Payne. Choruses—Messrs. Mr. Southam, Mr. Macdonald, &c. Doors open at half-past 7. Commence at 7 o'clock.  
The box-office will be open on each day after Thursday, October 17. No boxes or seats to be booked on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. Mr. J. J. Theatricals, 34, Regent-street, Mr. J. J. Theatricals, 34, Regent-street, Mr. J. J. Theatricals, 34, Regent-street.

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